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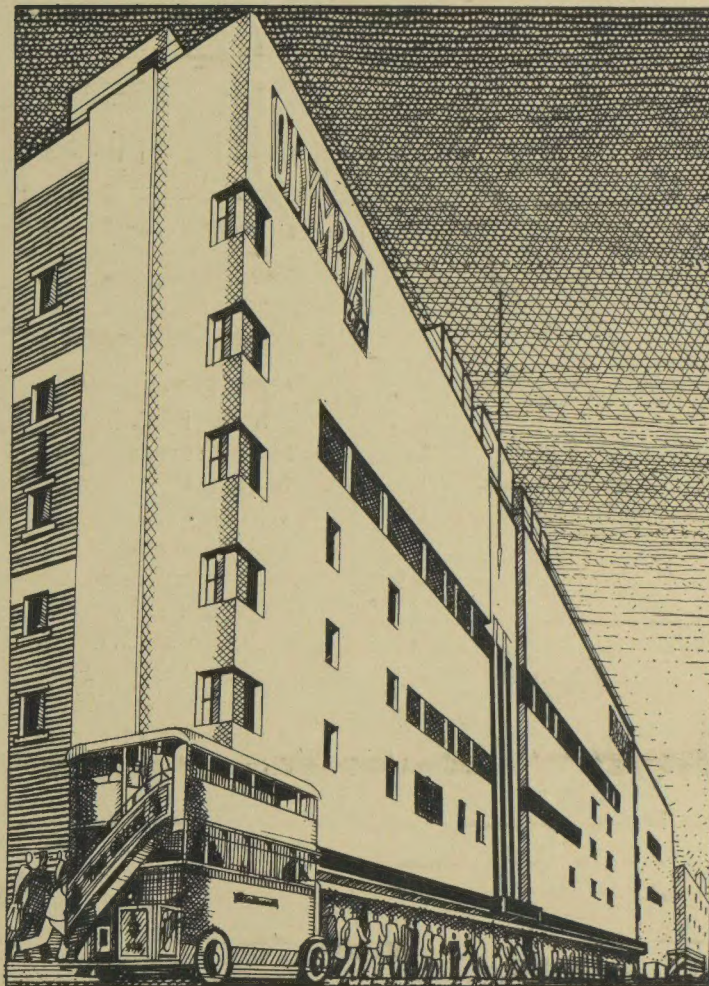
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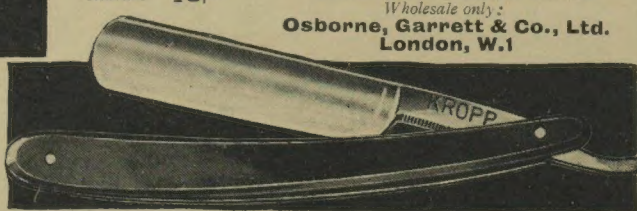
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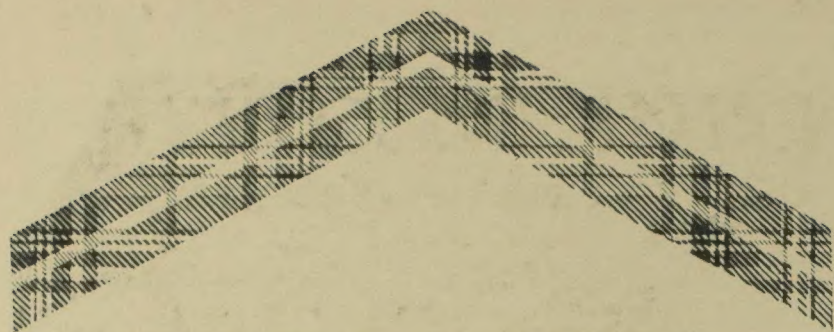
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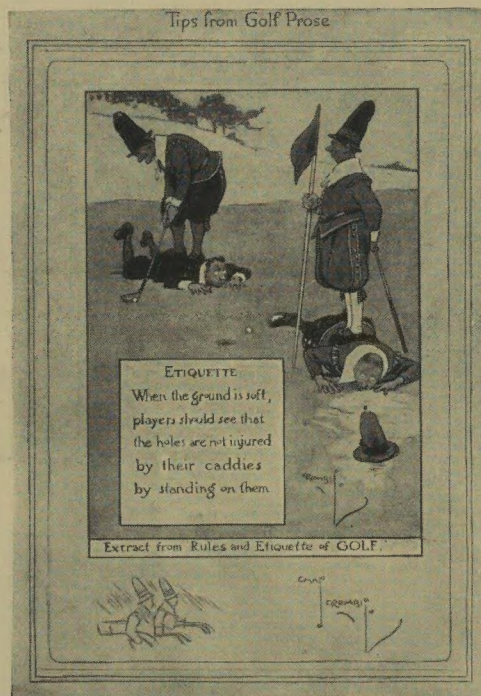
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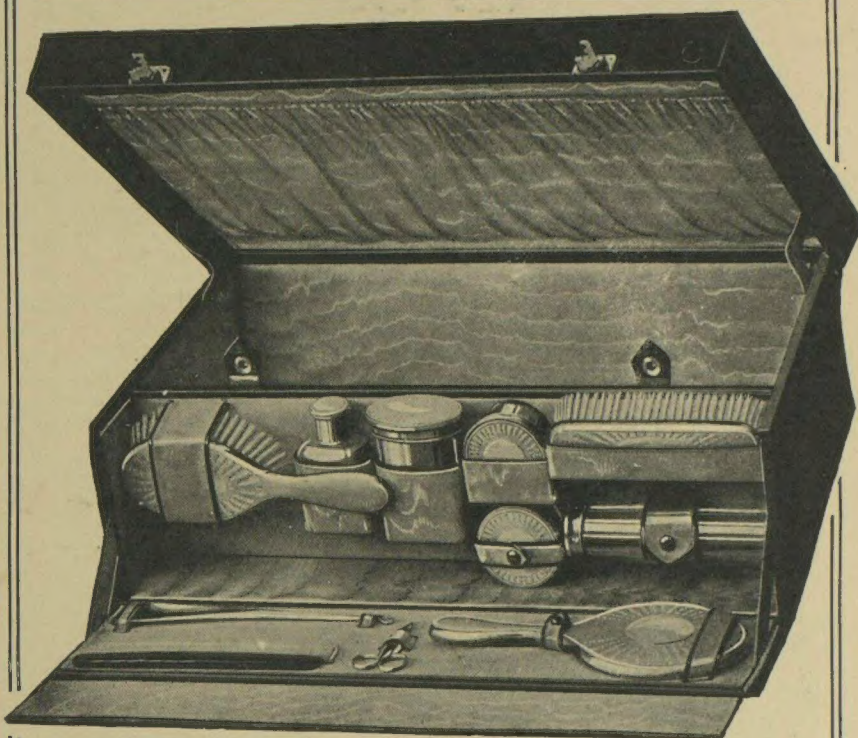
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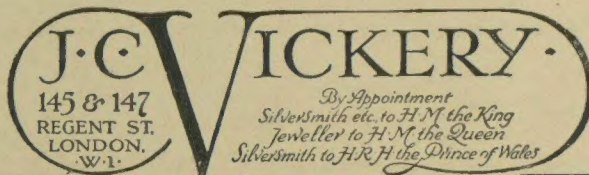
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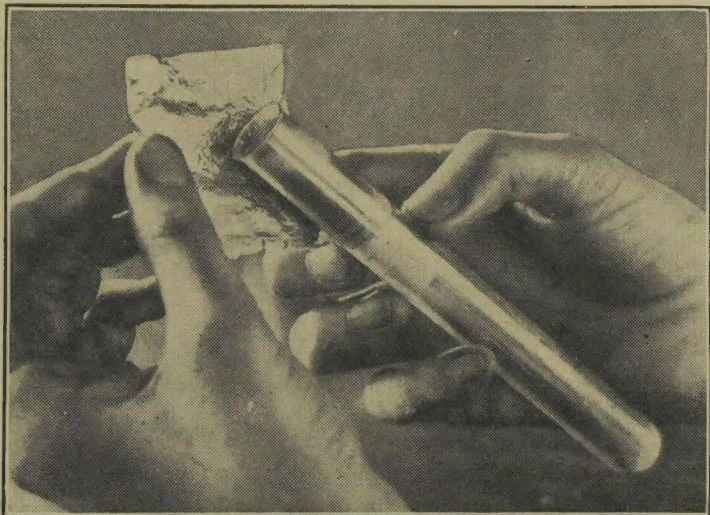
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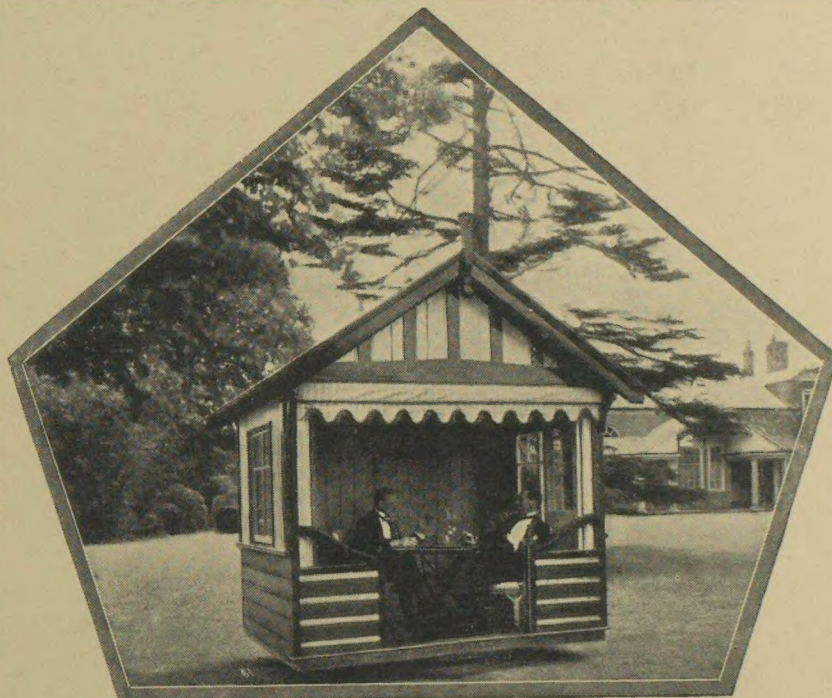
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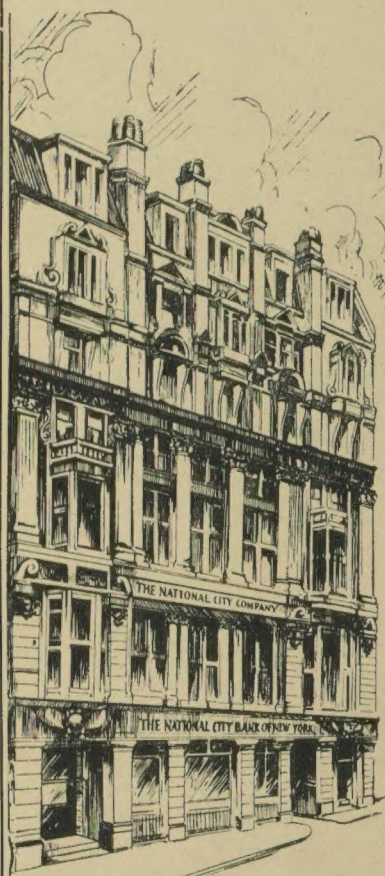
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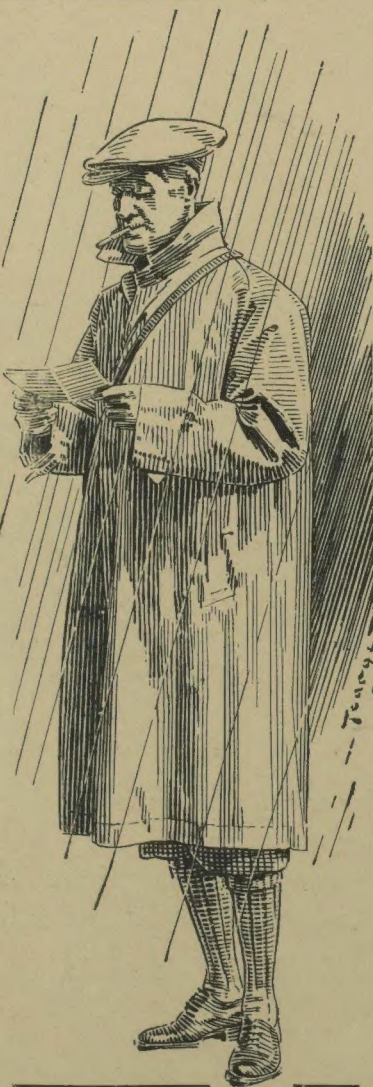
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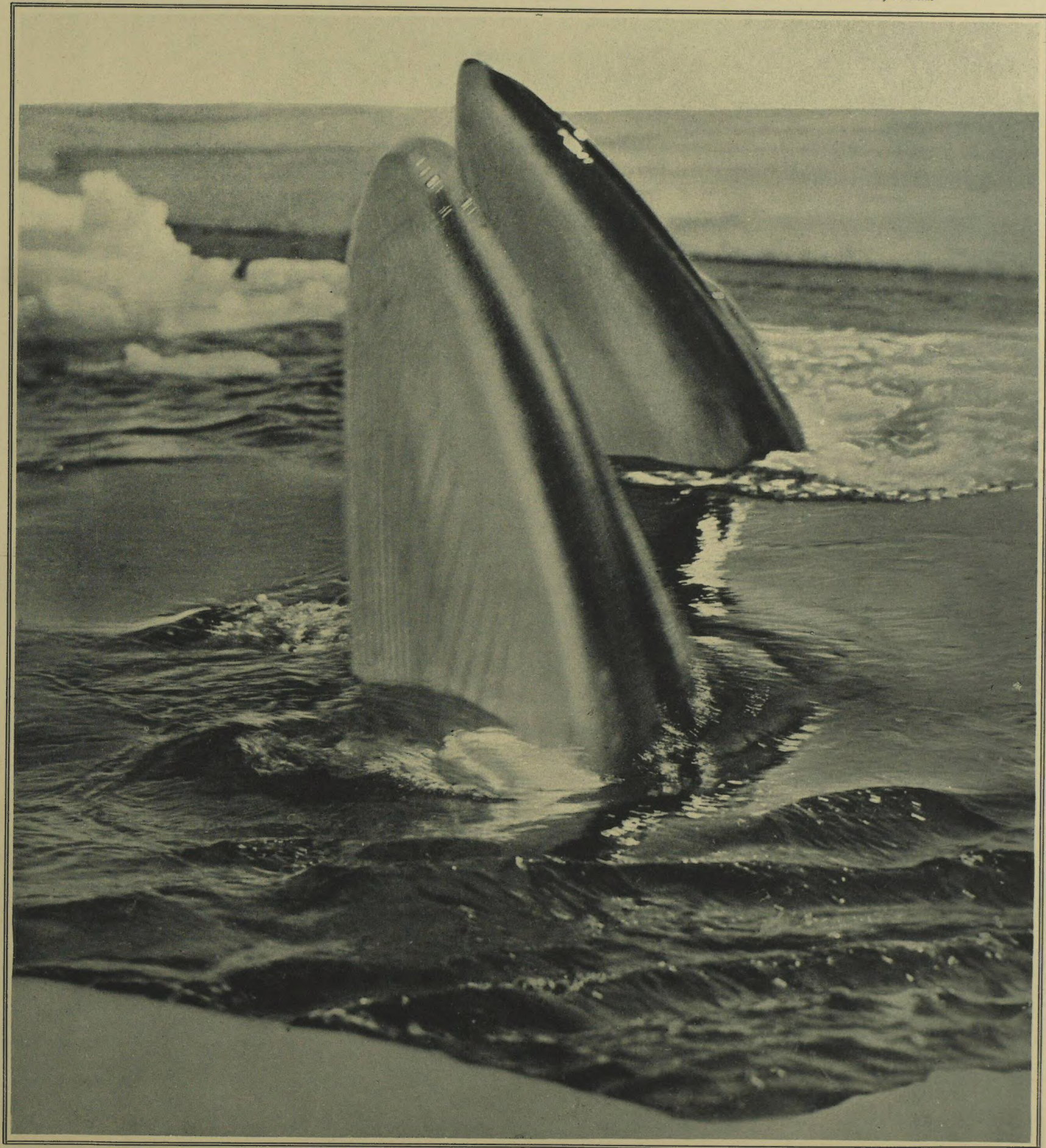
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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1930.

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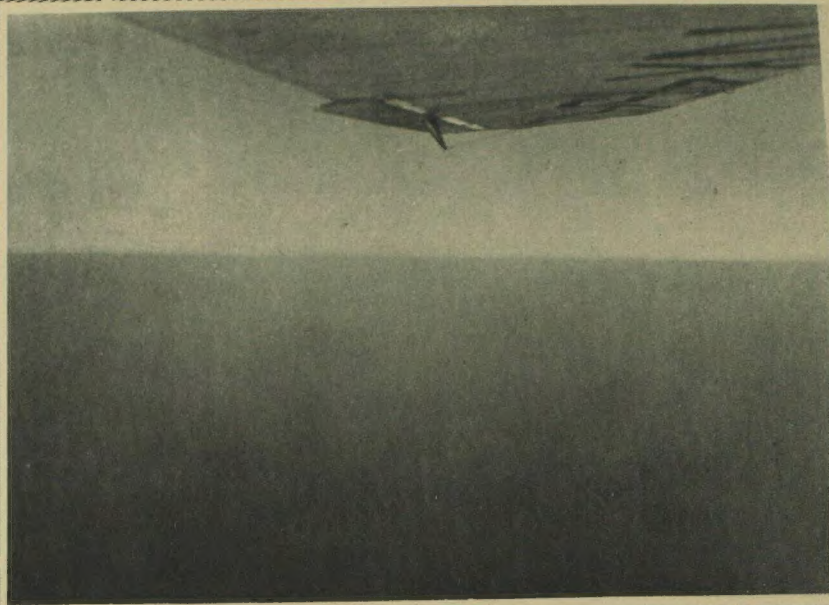


THE BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: TWO WHALES, RISING IN A NARROW ICE-CRACK, "STANDING ON THEIR TAILS"!

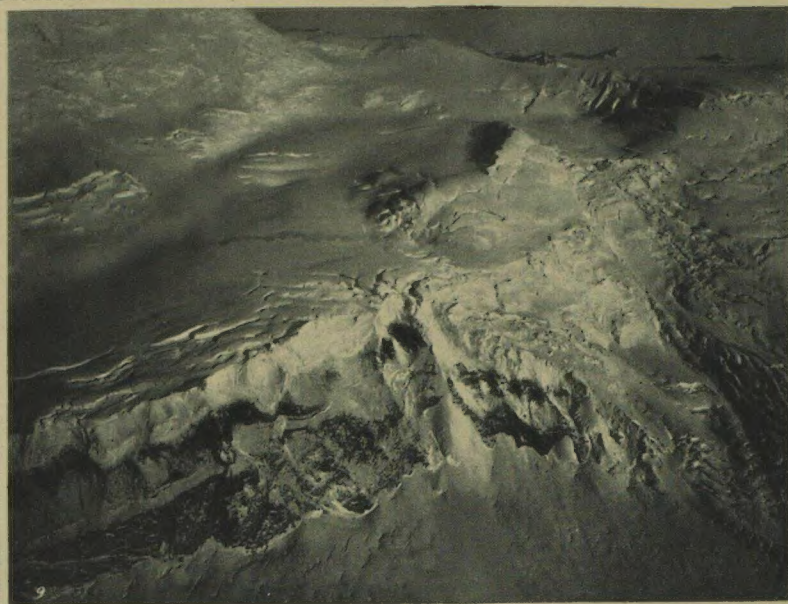
Here and elsewhere in this number (pages 816 and 817) we publish some of the first photographs brought back by the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, which we last illustrated in our issue of February 1. At that time, it may be recalled, the party had been reported to be in difficulties which might have delayed their return. Fortunately these were overcome, and on the 19th Reuter stated: "Admiral Byrd and his forty-two companions have sailed for home. The supply ship 'City of

New York,' having forced her way through the Ross Sea to his base, the embarkation began this morning. It was a race with time and weather, for any day the ice barrier might have become a 'lid,' and the expedition would have had to pass another winter in the Antarctic." Above is a remarkable photograph of two whales rising in a crack in the Bay ice. They had to come up edgeways and stand on their tails because of the narrowness of the channel.

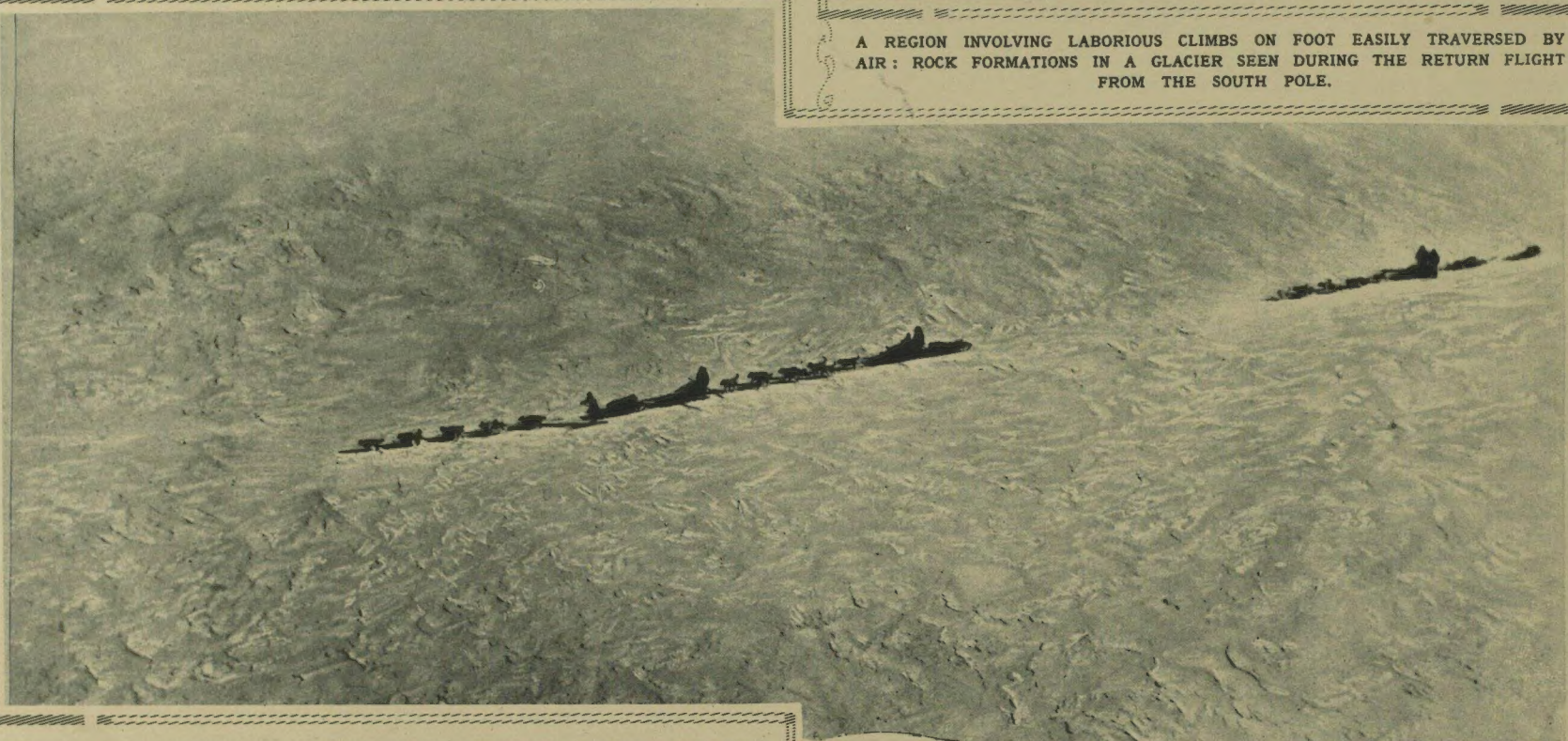
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ADMIRAL BYRD'S AEROPLANE CIRCLING IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE SOUTH POLE: PART OF THE WING SEEN ABOVE A VAST ICY EXPANSE.



A REGION INVOLVING LABORIOUS CLIMBS ON FOOT EASILY TRAVERSED BY AIR: ROCK FORMATIONS IN A GLACIER SEEN DURING THE RETURN FLIGHT FROM THE SOUTH POLE.

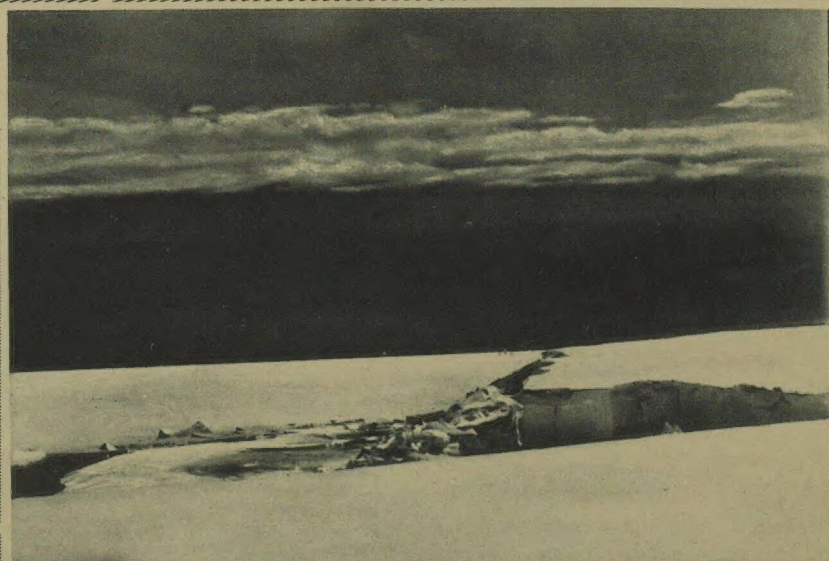


TYPICAL PROGRESS BY LAND ACROSS ANTARCTIC WASTES—SLOW BY CONTRAST WITH THE AEROPLANE: A LINE OF THREE DOG-TEAMS ON THE TRAIL.



AS SEEN FROM THE AEROPLANE: A HEAVILY CREVASSED AREA, ON THE BARRIER BETWEEN "LITTLE AMERICA" AND THE QUEEN MAUD MOUNTAINS, CROSSED BY THE GEOLOGICAL PARTY WITH DOG-TEAMS.

Polar exploration by aeroplane—apart, of course, from the risk of a forced landing—avoids many of the dangers and difficulties encountered on foot, and is naturally far more rapid. The contrast between the two methods is strikingly illustrated in the above photographs, which (as noted on our front page) are some of the first brought back from the Antarctic recently by the expedition under Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd, of the U.S. Navy. He started from Dunedin, New Zealand, in December 1928, and as a result of his air surveys he has mapped 20,000 square miles of Polar territory. Last November he flew, with three companions, in an aeroplane from his base, "Little America," to the South Pole and back—a distance of 1600 miles. He is thus the only man living who has visited both the Poles, for he flew from Spitzbergen to the North Pole and back in 1926. On March 10, his expedition returned to Dunedin, after 453 days' absence from civilisation,



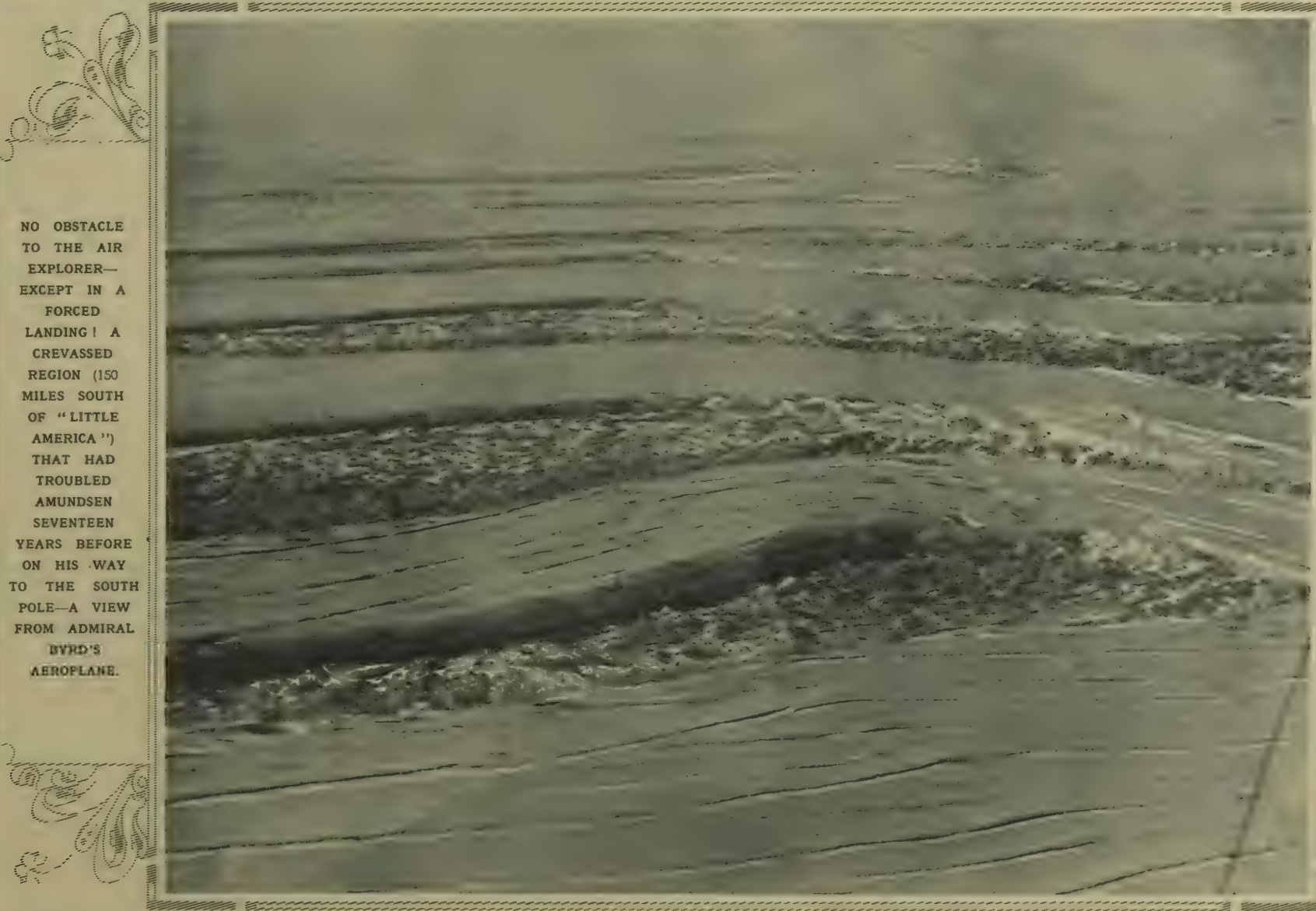
THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORER'S CHIEF PERIL—AVOIDED BY AIR: A CREVASSE, ONE OF THE LARGE CRACKS IN THE BARRIER SURFACE OFTEN COVERED WITH DRIFT SNOW THROUGH WHICH DOG-TEAM AND MAN MAY FALL 100 FEET.

and his two ships were loudly cheered as they steamed up the harbour. Replying to an address of welcome, he said: "Having been attended by good luck, we accomplished all we set out to do, and perhaps a little more. We are mighty glad to have selected New Zealand as a base, and mighty glad we are back."

TRAVERSING ANTARCTICA BY AIR: A CONTRAST TO GROUND METHODS.



"ALPS" OF
THE SOUTH
POLAR
CONTINENT
WHICH THE
AIRMAN DOES
NOT HAVE TO
CLIMB:
A GLACIER IN
AN ANTARCTIC
MOUNTAIN
RANGE AS SEEN
FROM ADMIRAL
BYRD'S
AEROPLANE
(PARTLY VISIBLE
IN THE
PHOTOGRAPH).



NO OBSTACLE
TO THE AIR
EXPLORER—
EXCEPT IN A
FORCED
LANDING! A
CREVASSED
REGION (150
MILES SOUTH
OF "LITTLE
AMERICA")
THAT HAD
TROUBLED
AMUNDSEN
SEVENTEEN
YEARS BEFORE
ON HIS WAY
TO THE SOUTH
POLE—A VIEW
FROM ADMIRAL
BYRD'S
AEROPLANE.

These photographs, taken—like those on the opposite page—during Admiral Byrd's great flight to the South Pole and back from his base at "Little America," provide further evidence of the way in which the difficulties of the old Antarctic explorers have been surmounted by the aeroplane. In a speech in New Zealand after his return, after thanking the Dominion Government for their help and

hospitality, Commander Byrd said: "Now that I have been in the Antarctic I have greater admiration than ever for Scott and Shackleton. Without the aid of aircraft or of dogs, they accomplished almost superhuman things. They were real pioneers, and my expedition took up where they left off. . . . I hope (he concluded) to revisit New Zealand some day by airship."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

BY the time these words are printed, the Poet Laureate may be a reality, and may have ceased to be a Topic. We modern journalists do not write very much about things that actually exist; it would be too horrid. Our hearts are filled with Hope; our minds are set on The Future; and we are well known to prefer "an intelligent anticipation of," etc. We are interested in the wonderful things yet to be; the Marvels of the Morrow, such as the question of what some millionaire or other will say or do next week. We do not look back to origins; we let the dead past bury its dead—an action of which the millionaire especially will most warmly approve. I apologise, therefore, if these lines, when they appear, seem like a faded inscription from the dead past. I notice nowadays that even the weekly papers, which might be supposed to sum up the last seven days at least, have grown more fond of speculating on what the Prime Minister or the President of the United States will decide to do, than commenting (with anything like the good old violence or enthusiasm) on what they have just done. Soon, I suppose, the daily paper will profess to print to-morrow's events instead of yesterday's; and the weekly paper will be entirely precipitated into the middle of next week. Unfortunately, no engine has yet been found of sufficient power to precipitate me into the middle of next week. I have never claimed the divine gift of prophecy, now so widely and liberally distributed among my contemporaries. I have no idea whatever of what the Prime Minister will do; least of all of what he will do with the Poet Laureate. But, whatever it is, when this article appears he may have already done it. Then this article will, as I say, seem as distant and as dead as an epitaph cut in cuneiform on the ruin of a Babylonian tomb. Some think that the poems written by Poets Laureate look like that already. Some regard the Laureateship as itself a ruin; some are ready to bombard it and reduce it to ruins. Perhaps some of the previous appointments to the office were carefully arranged to ruin it.

Anyhow, it is often said that the office of Poet Laureate is not fitted to our times. This is true; it is perhaps the most compact condemnation of our times. If we want to know exactly what is really lacking in current culture, we had better ask why it cannot support the idea of a real Poet Laureate. It is enough merely to look at the words which make up the title. Whenever it is suggested that some little modern man of letters, in a tail-coat and trousers, should be solemnly presented with a Crown of Laurel, everybody laughs, as if it were a joke. But it is not the laurel, but the little man, that is a joke. It is not the wreath of leaves, the lines of which are still as free and rhythmic and adapted to decoration as when they decorated a hundred marble monuments or golden frescoes; it is not the wreath that is ridiculous. It is the tail-coat and trousers; it is the Modern Man; it is the Spirit of Our Time, to which the Laureateship is, we have agreed, so unsuited. As is the Laurel to modern dress, so is the Laureateship to modern manners. Nobody sees anything silly in those leaves when they cluster round the hood of some bust of Dante. Nobody saw anything silly in them when, at the high moment of the mediæval renaissance, they were bound about the brows of Petrarch. It was partly that the same scheme of decoration, more or less unconsciously, ran through the whole world of

costume and ornament. It was much more because, in those dim and barbarous ages, people did not think it undignified to be dignified. They were so strangely constituted that they laughed at ugly things, and not only at beautiful things. A gentleman who wished to be stared at or admired dressed in purple and cloth of gold, trailing trappings that went in great curves like those of a comet or a cataract. With such fashions, a crown was actually a crown; it crowned the edifice; it was a crest or culmination of lines rising to and demanding such a diadem. Nowadays, by the tradition of the nineteenth century, a gentleman dresses like a comic waiter in a third-rate farce, and is surprised that the bay-wreath looks grotesque on his head. But it is not the bay-wreath that looks grotesque.

is still a certain kind of popular enthusiasm, but it is not an enthusiasm for enthusiasts. It might almost be called an affection for anti-enthusiasts; an affection for mockers and cynics and artists in the antic view of life. They might be as much thrilled by meeting Charlie Chaplin as any mediæval Italians by meeting Petrarch. But, though they might be cheering without jeering, they would be cheering somebody who jeers; who jeers admirably at himself and this wicked world. Nobody can expect that sort of popular artist to wear a laurel round his remarkable bowler hat. But it has been possible, and it will be possible again, for the public to rejoice seriously, and even solemnly. In those older days, the very word "solemn" went with the word "joyous"; and "a high solemnity" was almost always an affair of dancing and junketing. A modern crowd would cheer the critical faculty, as in Mr. Chaplin; it would not cheer the creative faculty, as in Dante. And unless we keep the idea of a high solemnity, or public function of state, like the famous scene of the tribute to Petrarch, there is indeed little point in keeping merely an office and a name. As we do not preserve the coronation, it may seem idle to preserve the crown. Nevertheless, if there were a crown, I think I should preserve it—among the Crown Jewels. But I think I should not attach any man to it, but leave it there and wait for better times.

For my part, though I have indulged in any amount of buffoonery, I regret the new and solitary pre-eminence of the buffoon. I regret the fact that the new popular hero must not be heroic as well as popular. He must not receive from the State a serious tribute for revealing a serious truth. When, for the moment, the most intelligent art is the most flippant art, it will mean a certain abdication of the old claims of the artist. But it may mean much worse things than that. When people begin to ignore human dignity, it will not be long before they begin to ignore human rights. The pagan state, in which the artist is only a buffoon, will soon resemble the ancient pagan state in which he was only a slave. I am all for playing the goat; I am charitably disposed even to those enacting the funny dog; I have myself appeared more than once in public in the character of a performing elephant. But if we allow the Image of Man to fade away altogether in these animal antics, if it vanishes amid mere mockery and scepticism, the human being will find himself something very much worse than fair game. He may ultimately be tethered like the goat, or chained up like the dog, or ridden and prodded like the elephant.

The man who has exhibited himself—as in so much of modern prose and verse—in every attitude of abject and dishonourable ignominy will find it very much harder to spring up straight of a sudden and defend his honour, attacked. Among the old ways of preserving this sense of honour was the system of honours; and, though most of them are now pretty thoroughly dishonoured, nobody suggests that the Poet Laureateship has been sold. Anyhow, among the wider ways of doing it was what may be called the Pageant of Poetry; the public acknowledgment of the Poet, "to whom the high gods gave of right their thunders and their laurels and their light."



AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: TEN PIECES OF SILVER-GILT PLATE PRESENTED TO H.M. THE KING BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS OF LONDON FOR USE AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE, NEW DELHI.

With the King's permission, this plate is exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was made to the order of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, who organised a competition among well-known British firms with a view to encouraging original designs in the precious metals. The cup and cover on the top tier, which is over 37½ inches, and the two rose-water dishes were designed by Mr. Cecil Walker, for Messrs. Mappin and Webb. Of the two pairs of covered bowls on the next tier the fluted pair on low feet were designed by Mr. Harold Stabler for Messrs. the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company; and the tazza-form pair were designed by Mr. John Walker for Messrs. Elkington and Co. The wine-cistern on the bottom tier and the two-handled cups and covers were designed by Mr. J. W. Dibble for Messrs. the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Mr. Eric Gill, the sculptor, designed all the lettering. The engraving is by Mr. G. T. Friend, and the enamelling is by Mr. H. de Koningh.—[Copyright Reserved.]

That is a parable of the whole practical problem. And it always is a problem, whether it is worth while to keep the habit when it no longer makes the monk, or one small rag torn from the habit when the monk no longer knows how to make himself. The psychology of the Laureateship, dating as it does from the days when Petrarch was crowned with laurel, implies a number of things not now vivid to any very large number of people. It implies the notion of a crowd being excited but quite serious; like devotees before a sacrament or children before a fairy-play. There

THE BIMILLENARY OF VERGIL'S BIRTH: THE TOMB OF THE POET.



HELD TO BE THE BURIAL-PLACE OF VERGIL, THE BIMILLENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH IS BEING CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT ITALY: "THE TOMB OF VERGIL," NAPLES, BEFORE RESTORATION.



TRADITIONALLY THE TOMB OF VERGIL, BUT, BY GENERAL AGREEMENT, IN REALITY THE COLUMBARIUM OF AN UNKNOWN FAMILY: THE SUPPOSED BURIAL-PLACE OF VERGIL—AFTER RESTORATION.



DISCOVERED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE OLD GROTTA: A FRESCO WHICH IS CREDITED TO AN ARTIST OF THE VERY EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY WHO WAS WORKING IN THE STYLE OF THE "FOURTEENTH CENTURY."



THE FRESCO SHOWN IN DETAIL: THE MADONNA AND CHILD BETWEEN TWO SAINTS (ONE OF THEM LOST), A WORK OF WHICH TRACES WERE SEEN AS FAR BACK AS 1880, AND CHRONICLED BY PROFESSOR COCCHIA.

Originally, it was decided that the birth of Vergil should be commemorated on April 21, but it was announced the other day that the celebrations had been postponed until to-morrow, Sunday, May 11, when the chief feature of the public recognition of the event will be orations in forty cities by forty orators selected by the Royal Academy of Italy. The arrangements have been made by the Academy and the Secretary of the Fascist Party, and have been approved by Signor Mussolini. Vergil, it should be recalled, was born on October 15, 70 B.C., on a farm near Mantua. He died at Brundisium, on September 21, 19 B.C.,

and it was his desire to be buried on the hill of Pausilypon (Posilipo). The tomb that is his by tradition is, it is agreed, the columbarium of an unknown family; but it remains a recognised sight for visitors to Naples. With regard to the fresco illustrated, this was found at the entrance of the Old Grotto some six years ago, above the Aragonese inscription dated 1455. It was known as far back as 1880; but was lost sight of afterwards and, for years, was left to become encrusted with dirt. Since then, as our fourth photograph shows, it has been thoroughly cleaned and most carefully restored.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

GRETA GARBO AS "ANNA CHRISTIE."

It is a long time since the World of the Kinema has seen so eagerly expected an event as that of Greta Garbo's first talking-film, "Anna Christie," at the Empire. And this because, apart from the somewhat nervous anticipation that always attends the breaking into speech of a hitherto silent star, the part itself is so different from the rôles in which the reputation of this popular screen actress has been won that the occasion had an additionally interesting significance. The ground, too, had been well prepared by the publicity experts. Paragraphs had appeared in the Press recounting how the star had been studying the art of voice-production in its highly specialised aspect of work for the microphone; articles recalled the strange inaccessibility and aloofness of "the most mysterious personality in Hollywood"—one I read was eloquent upon the sufferings of a reporter who failed, time after time, to obtain even a glimpse of, much less an interview with, this uniquely retiring celebrity. Yet, amidst all the slightly cheap, but nevertheless effective, journalistic gossip there is to be found a kernel of significant fact. For, as far as her admiring public is concerned, Greta Garbo, the actress, does indeed move "among the untrodden ways." And there is much in her performance as Anna, the "fallen" daughter of the old Swedish bargee, created with such forceful



"ANNA CHRISTIE," THE SOUND-FILM: MISS GRETA GARBO AS ANNA AND MR. CHARLES BICKFORD AS MATT, THE IRISH STOKER.

The sound-film "Anna Christie" was presented for the first time at the Empire Theatre last week. The stars are Miss Greta Garbo, Miss Marie Dressler, Mr. Charles Bickford, and Mr. George F. Marion.—[By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.]

And this, I think, is where the uncanny power of Greta Garbo's portrayal mainly lies. We see the outward histrionics, the skilful interchange of word and silence, the play of facial expression, the rhythm of movement imposed by her own masterly technique and the direction of the producer, Mr. Clarence Browne. But what no director, however competent or imaginative, could ever have extracted from a less intuitive artist is the revelation of the subsidiary drama characteristically played out within the setting of the girl's own soul. For Greta Garbo makes of the part a play within a play. Her Anna is an actress no less than her impersonator. Not that she is lacking in sincerity. She simply knows herself and knows life. Therefore, since life has brought her disillusion, dismay, and the de-

and that her moments of deliberate and brooding intensity—excellently staged and handled as they are productionally—are less effective because they have about them a tinge of stacy exaggeration. But, if the whole performance leaves us emotionally cold, it is from first to last a thing of intellectual delight to eye and mind and ear. And not the least of the factors that contribute to this is the slightly husky, slightly monotonous, yet curiously attractive voice with which Greta now speaks for the first time on the screen.

It would be unfair to close this review of a very remarkable picture without reference to the performance of Marie Dressler as Martha, the hard-drinking, loose-tongued "companion" of Anna's father on the barge. At times it is almost overwhelmingly realistic—a vignette so vivid as to be almost embarrassing in the cruelty and truth of its revelation of a woman sunk to the lowest depths of besotted degradation, and even more acutely pitiable and pitiful in its sly humour and raffish comedy-moments. Were Miss Dressler never to appear in films again, this one performance would stamp her forever as a character-actress of very rare quality.

THE RETURN OF POLA NEGRI.

It is nearly always a thankless task for all concerned to attempt a comparison between two artists of such different types as Greta Garbo and Pola Negri. But the conjunction of the presentation of "Anna Christie" and a private showing of "The Woman He Scorned"—the film in which the voice of Pola Negri will also be heard for the first time—makes the temptation irresistible. This picture is of particular interest because it was made at Elstree, and is, if I remember rightly, the first film (other than those in which Anna May Wong has appeared) in which a star of international reputation has been specially contracted to play in this country. Of the details of the picture itself I shall hope to write more when it is shortly pre-released. At present I can only say that the exterior scenes are a triumph of photographic art, and that the really beautiful seascapes and glimpses of what must be a Devonshire or Cornwall village form a pictorial background that could not be bettered.

It is a tragic story, and one that lends itself with peculiar suitability to the art of Pola Negri, who plays the part of a woman with a doubtful past which she redeems by devotion to a man who marries her out of pity and only realises his real love when it is too late. Compared with Greta Garbo's Anna, her performance is much more flamboyant, more broadly drawn, and has a certain degree of restlessness that is not ineffective in the earlier sequences, but is a little out of key with the quieter spirit of the later scenes. It is, however, a portrayal of great interest, and one that will undoubtedly appeal to the numerous devotees of this clever actress. The dialogue-recording is not so satisfactory. Only a few of the lines are actually spoken, but what there are show that Pola Negri possesses a voice of rather deep and such pleasant tonal quality that our only regret is that we are not allowed to hear more of it.

insight and toleration by Eugene O'Neill, to indicate that this attitude of habit and mind is no mere pose assumed to whet the curiosity of newspaper copy-hunters and film "fans."

The words "aloof" and "mysterious" have been applied to her so often in the past that one hesitates to use them in attempting to analyse the secret of her latest success, lest such analysis should become at once facetiously cliché. Yet I do not know how to describe without them that indefinable quality that is neither sheer radiance nor yet completely tragic fire—that is as elusive as a rainbow and as bound up with storm—that fascinates and yet at times almost repels. Perhaps it is a super-subtlety of egotism—the egotism of the actress withdrawn into the consciousness of her power to control the intellectual reactions of her audience. Perhaps—though I do not really believe this—it is a trick of manner acquired at first by accident and then deliberately exploited. Perhaps it has something to do with the ability to create that atmosphere of imminent presage which also is one of the salient characteristics of von Stroheim's best work. Whatever it is, it has enabled Greta Garbo to make of this new screen Anna Christie (for many will recall the impersonation by Blanche Sweet in the former silent version) a figure of intense and intelligent appeal. For—let me say it at once—her whole performance strikes a far more definitely intellectual than emotional note. Her Anna is a woman who not only has no illusions about life—she has none about herself either. When she flings her gauntlet of reluctant love into the face of Fate, she is at the same time scornful of her own weakness; it is a challenge to herself as well. She is, indeed, enacting dual parts.

graduation that walks hand in hand with fear, she will on with the motley of love, on with the snatched jewels of happiness; she will come out from the wings of defeat and take the stage in brave array of unbought kisses, of the laughter of shared, ridiculous pleasures that are as light as gossamer, and as perishable, about her dancing soul. If life, that is now her audience, rings down the curtain suddenly in sullen disapproval of her playing—well, the show is over. But there will be other parts to play. Life, even if it destroys, shall yet applaud her, if not in verity, then in make-believe.

It is only a great personality that could convey all this with such economy and restraint as Greta Garbo does. And this—though the word has acquired a comedy significance that is very far from my present meaning—is, I believe, when all is said, the real secret of her compelling power. That this is true is shown by the fact that when, as sometimes, she is slightly theatrical, the spell is temporarily broken,

"ANNA CHRISTIE" AT THE EMPIRE: ANNA RETURNS TO HER FATHER, CHRIS, THE OLD SWEDISH SAILOR, WHO BELIEVES HER TO BE A "GOOD YOUNG GIRL."—[By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.]



"ANNA CHRISTIE" AT THE EMPIRE: ANNA RETURNS TO HER FATHER, CHRIS, THE OLD SWEDISH SAILOR, WHO BELIEVES HER TO BE A "GOOD YOUNG GIRL."—[By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.]

MASS RELIGION IN "FILM LAND": EASTER AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL.



WITH AN IMMENSE CROSS (SEEN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) FORMED OF LIVING CHILDREN CLAD IN WHITE: WORSHIPPERS GREET THE DAWN AFTER A NIGHT OF PRAYER, IN A VAST OPEN-AIR AMPHITHEATRE.

Near Los Angeles, in California, is a vast natural amphitheatre known as Hollywood Bowl, and here at Easter time is held an impressive religious ceremony, which, as a "crowd scene," is not out of keeping with the spectacular associations of "film land." The enormous gathering of worshippers partly seen in the foreground of the picture had passed the night in prayer and meditation. As soon as the twilight of dawn began to steal across the hills, a number of children clothed in white grouped themselves into a gigantic living Cross, which is seen under the arch in the centre background. Ranged beside the cross along a platform was an orchestra which accompanied the singing. This year the throng that assembled for the world's largest Easter service was greater than ever—nearly twice its normal size—through the closing of the Los Angeles Coliseum in preparation for the coming Olympic Games, and the consequent cessation of the Easter observances

usually held there. It was estimated that about a hundred thousand people filled Hollywood Bowl and overflowed on to the surrounding hill-sides. Describing the scene on one such occasion, a French writer says: "At the moment when the sun's flaming disc rose above the mountains, a fanfare of trumpets was sounded by two 'Angels' posted on the opposite slopes. Then suddenly the huge Cross was transformed from opal grey to a mass of pure and dazzling white, like hundreds of living lilies. It was like a vision in a dream. From the lips of children rang out a great 'Alleluia!' a chant of joy and triumph. Presently the vast human swarm in the amphitheatre joined in the singing of the choir. . . . Next came a sudden lull in the torrent of harmony, and a solemn minute of silence. Then, as though in response to the general need for pious self-communing, the orchestra began to play sacred music."

"SPLENDID ISOLATION"; AND THE GERMAN MENACE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LORD CARNOCK": A Study in the Old Diplomacy. By HAROLD NICOLSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

AS history proceeds, the sources from which it is distilled multiply exceedingly. But it is not thereby rendered easier for the historian to write or for the student to understand. Amid the multitude of references and records which can be brought to bear on a matter of historical fact, the fact itself becomes obscured. We see it from so many points of view, with so many fierce lights beating upon it, that its significance and even its identity grow doubtful. Looking backwards, say, a thousand years, we find facts, if not actually in possession, at any rate dominating the field of history, often having to be taken at their face value, resisting interpretation, refusing to be shepherded into the fold of theory. The difficulty, for the historian of those times, is to find facts enough to support the weight of a theory or to indicate a point of view. But the modern historian's trouble is the reverse of this. He has too much evidence at his disposal, too many lines of inquiry to follow, too many possible solutions to choose from. The forces at work are ascertained and charted and measured, but their interplay bewilders him. Like a doctor, he is inclined to look behind the symptom for its cause, and in doing so he may easily underrate the gravity of the symptom. A catastrophe, whether it be a motor accident or the outbreak of a European war, has a quality of its own which differentiates it completely from the chain of causes which precipitates it. To distinguish correctly between the occasion and the cause is a task which calls for all the historian's judgment; and when, as now, he is certain to be able to bring forward abundance of evidence in support of his thesis, the temptation to trace an inevitable connection between events must be tremendous, and he may easily overlook the part played by accident. Given a careless and abstracted pedestrian, and a street littered with orange-peel, one might hazard the prediction that he will come a cropper, and be justified by the event. But that he will fall and hurt himself, which would be the only circumstance to give the incident significance, no one could prophesy.

"It may be questioned," says Mr. Harold Nicolson, "whether the events which happened between that Sunday, July 26, and that Tuesday, August 4, possess any but a dramatic interest. The war was caused by an unhealthy state of mind in Europe; that state of mind had been created by the massed unintelligence of international thought from 1878 onwards: it displays a false sense of historical values to lay disproportionate stress upon the intricate diplomatic evolutions which took place during the last twelve days.

"Nor is the issue, even historically, so very confused... The main onus of responsibility falls on Serbia, Russia, and Austria. England and Germany were also deficient in foresight and decision. France during those twelve days was scarcely to blame at all... Europe was to blame for having twisted herself into competing alliances.

"The whole proportions of the problem are vitiated by dwelling unduly upon the rights and wrongs of those indecisive but decisive days. In the present narrative care will be taken to tell the story in terms only of Nicolson's personal experience."

His father's personal experience is the thread upon which Mr. Nicolson hangs his survey of over fifty years of European history. Lord Carnock (Arthur Nicolson as he then was) entered the Foreign Office in 1870. "He was very small and very shy. His hair was curly and his eyes blue and excited. He knew no one. He was thoroughly alarmed." In June 1920 he relinquished his office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, though, had he consulted his inclination and his health, he would have resigned it earlier, had he, indeed, ever accepted it. "When the War comes to a successful end," wrote Sir Edward Grey, "the part that he has taken in holding his post through the worst and most anxious months will be remembered to his credit and honour." Few readers who have followed the career of this singularly lovable, sensitive, capable, upright diplomatist will feel that the official

tribute to Lord Carnock's services errs in the direction of extravagant eulogy.

Though to tell the life of his father is the main concern of Mr. Nicolson's biography, it has, as the sub-title suggests, a secondary subject, so intimately connected with the first that the two are treated simultaneously. It is "A Study in the Old Diplomacy." "The old diplomatist," says Mr. Nicolson, "has not been fairly treated by his posterity. If he failed to foresee the war, he is, and with full justice, called a fool; if he did foresee the war, he is quite unjustly considered a knave. I trust that this biography may do something to correct such false perspectives." I do not quite see how Mr. Nicolson reconciles these dictums with a statement made later in the book that of all the European statesmen who were in charge of their countries' policy before the war only Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey were "morally unassailable"; but, if the aim of his biography is to correct the notion held by the superficial and shared (it must be admitted) by Emil Ludwig, that the diplomacy inaugurated by Metternich and Talleyrand was a seeding ground and hot-bed of national differences, it succeeds completely. It rehabilitates the Old Diplomacy, not

"No man has ever absorbed or distributed so much enjoyment... Lord Dufferin taught his secretary that rectitude need not necessarily be disagreeable, or industry arrogant; that patience and modesty are not incompatible with a radiant rapidity of mind; that anger is not a proof of strength, nor ponderousness a sign of dignity; that the graces of the intelligence are as important as those of the body or the soul; that acidity of temperament is after all a very great mistake. Nicolson, gay, energetic, and still curiously adolescent, responded readily to these inspiring lessons." After six months of tremendous hard work, as a result of which the secretary had an attack of writer's cramp, Lord Dufferin sent in his report. "The more practical recommendations of the report," says Mr. Nicolson, in a phrase that shows that even a writer of his calibre can nod, "were all admirably practical." He laid it down firmly that "the valley of the Nile could not be administered with any prospect of success from London." His conclusions and proposed reforms remained for over thirty years the basis of the Egyptian Constitution.

From Egypt Lord Carnock went to Athens, as Chargé d'Affaires. He was bored there, and, what was worse,

made the victim of a physical assault. A gendarme, whose real duty it was to prevent people throwing cigarette-ends among the trees, hit him and threw stones at him. The incident gave rise to unpleasantness with the Greek Government, and Lord Carnock was glad to leave. In 1885 he was sent to Teheran as First Secretary of Legation. Here he had much better success. He won the confidence of the Shah, who engaged he would not enter into any secret engagement with Russia. Lord Dufferin wrote that "he was now one of the marked men in the Service"; but "Sir Eric Barrington, who was peculiarly sensitive to social elegance, felt that the Nicolsens were too poor and too dowdy to shine in any of the more decorative posts," and in 1888 Lord Carnock was appointed Consul-General at Buda-Pest.

He did not like the Magyars. The four years he spent in Hungary were unfruitful, and he was delighted at being transferred to Constantinople in 1892. Here again the situation was delicate, for English prestige in Turkey was on the wane, and the question of railway concessions in Asia Minor was soon to agitate the several Embassies. In 1895 he went to Morocco and was there when, in 1899, Great Britain declared war upon the Transvaal. His task was made more difficult by our reverses in South Africa; the French renewed their activity in Southern Morocco. All over Europe a storm of Anglophobia broke out, and it was clear that England would have to abandon her policy of "splendid isolation."

The next three sections of the book are devoted to the negotiations that culminated in the Anglo-French, the Anglo-Russian, and the Anglo-German Ententes. Lord Carnock was appointed Ambassador to Russia in 1906. He was instructed by the Cabinet "to remove from Anglo-Russian relations the three points of friction represented by Persia, Tibet, and Afghanistan." In all three enterprises he was successful. Extracts from his letters and journals prove that there were times (as in Hungary) when his career as a diplomat irked him, and he would gladly have exchanged it for one that "made less claims upon one's social and intellectual liberty." "I am becoming coated over with a thick layer of official mud," he wrote as early as 1883. "I long to be free of all the trammels and dull unending labour of official life." But at St. Petersburg he was really happy, and very reluctant to accept Sir Edward Grey's invitation to be Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, which "he gloomily rejoined" after an absence of thirty-five years, in October 1910.

But it cannot be doubted that the most important part of his work was accomplished there. It covered some of the most momentous years in English history; it was complicated by differences of opinion in broad questions of policy, and carried on under an increasing burden of ill-health. There was a strain of heroism in the nature that was so simple, so reserved, and so un-self-seeking. His son's biography, equally distinguished in its personal, its literary, and its historical aspects, is a worthy monument to the life it enshrines.

L. P. H.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S GREAT FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO THE CAPE AND BACK IN ABOUT 200 FLYING-HOURS: HER GRACE, WITH CAPTAIN C. D. BARNARD, THE PILOT (RIGHT), AND MR. ROBERT LITTLE, THE NAVIGATOR AND SECOND PILOT, ON HER ARRIVAL AT CROYDON.

The Duchess of Bedford started her flight from England to the Cape and back at Lympne on April 10, and reached this country again on the night of April 30. Thus, the total period of the flight was 21 days, the shortest time ever taken for the double journey. Her Grace's flying-hours, however, were about 200; whereas those of Sir Alan Cobham were 175, although his double journey covered 101 days. The weather experienced was very far from good; but there was only one mishap: it was necessary to make a forced landing at Dragoman, some forty miles from Sofia, during the return journey. Her Grace acted as pilot for several spells, on one occasion for rather over an hour; and she it was who pumped all the petrol from the tanks in the wings into the consumption-tank.

so much by commending results as by analysing intentions and emphasising difficulties. No one, after reading about the situations Lord Carnock helped to straighten out, will be able to speak lightly of the labours of diplomatists.

Even to follow their trend in Mr. Nicolson's masterly and lucid narrative is not easy; and if one has a criticism to make it is that the book goes too much into detail. And yet Mr. Nicolson simplifies continually. Lord Carnock's "political journey," he says, "falls into two distinct periods. There is the period from 1870 to 1900, when he believed in splendid isolation; there is the period from 1900 to 1914, when he believed in the German menace." Each of these periods was punctuated by political crises in which Lord Carnock played an increasingly important part. Mr. Nicolson describes them brilliantly, and the circumstances which led up to them. As unfolded by him, the issues emerge for a moment with startling clearness, only to relapse, when his guidance is withdrawn, into something of their original confusion. Mr. Nicolson can stimulate the understanding, but alas! he cannot fortify the memory which so often, in historical studies, makes the labours of the mind of none effect.

First came the Egyptian question, which, Mr. Nicolson admits, was highly intricate—"a situation of almost unexampled inconsequence," the co-operation of the French and English Governments being a very delicate matter. Lord Carnock arrived in 1882 with the High Commissioner, Lord Dufferin—Lord Dufferin of whom Mr. Nicolson says:

*"Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bt., First Lord Carnock: A Study in the Old Diplomacy." By Harold Nicolson. (Constable; 21s.)

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK: HOME NEWS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT ON
HER MAIDEN TRIP: "SHAMROCK V."

SHOWING THE PECULIAR PEAR SHAPE (IN SECTION) OF THE
HEAVY BOOM: "SHAMROCK V." AND
HER CREW ON DECK.

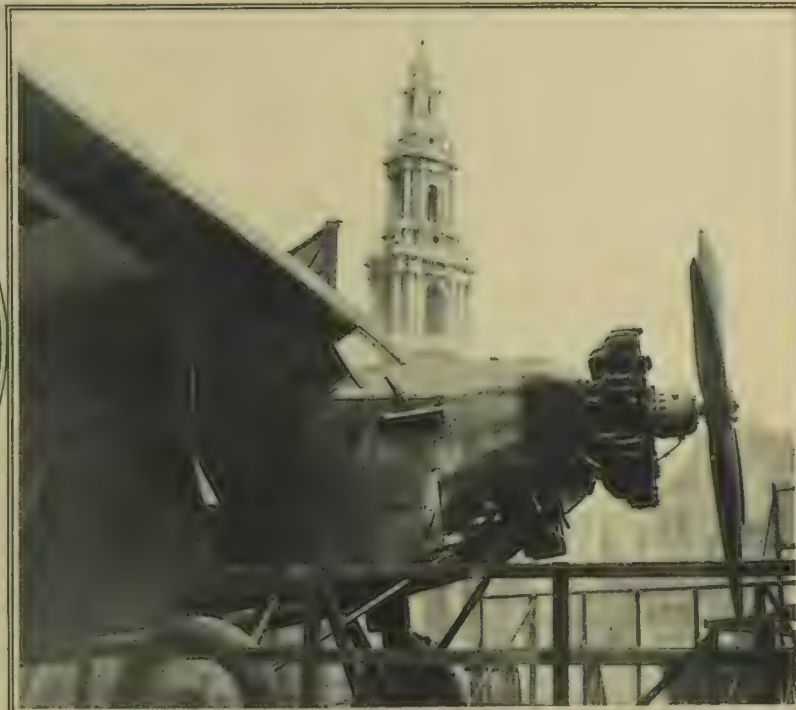
THE FIRST BIG YACHT ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC
BUILT WITHOUT A BOWSPRIT: "SHAMROCK V."

"Shamrock V.," whose launch at Gosport we illustrated recently, is the new yacht with which Sir Thomas Lipton will next September make his fifth bid for the America's Cup. She attracted great interest when she made her maiden trip, on May 3, off Portsmouth and Southsea, and showed her paces in company with "Cambria" and "Candida." The new "Shamrock" is the

first big yacht built on this side of the Atlantic to dispense with a bowsprit, and is so designed that her sail area can be entirely spread within the limits of the boat, thus making her look a very tall ship. Under new rules for this year's race for the Cup the sail area is limited, roughly, to 7500 square feet, and the masthead height to about 150 ft.



RELICS OF AN ENGLISH MARTYR BROUGHT TO WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE CASKET
CARRIED IN PROCESSION BY EIGHT PRIESTS, AND FOLLOWED BY CARDINAL BOURNE.
The body of the Blessed John Southworth, a Catholic priest executed at Tyburn in 1654 by order of Oliver Cromwell, was conveyed on May 1 from the Cathedral Hall at Westminster to the Chapel of St. George and the English Martyrs in the Cathedral. Our photograph shows the casket, covered with a white cloth, carried by eight priests and followed by Cardinal Bourne. The body was formerly buried at Douai, whence in 1927 it was brought to St. Edmund's College at Ware.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S FAMOUS AEROPLANE, "SPIDER," IN LONDON:
THE MACHINE NEAR BUSH HOUSE, WITH ST. MARY-LE-STRAND BEYOND.

The "Spider," in which the Duchess of Bedford made the great flight to Cape Town and back (illustrated in this number), is a Fokker monoplane with a Bristol Jupiter engine. From 1925-7 it was in regular service for the Royal Dutch Air Line. In 1927 it was used for attempted Atlantic and India flights. In 1928 and again in 1929 the Duchess flew to India and back in it. The machine was exhibited in the Strand by Shell-Mex Ltd.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THE DUKE OF YORK
(STANDING BEHIND THE CHAIRMAN, SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, P.R.A.) SPEAKING.

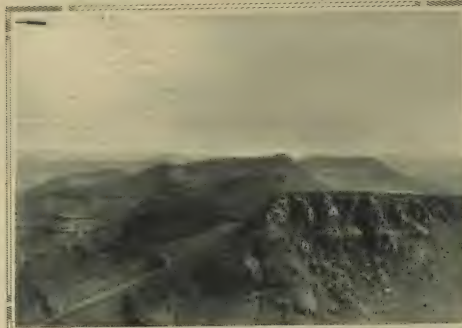
The Private View of the Royal Academy took place on May 2 and the Exhibition was opened to the public on May 5. On the previous evening (May 4) the annual banquet was held in the main gallery. In both the above illustrations, it will be noted, the same pictures are seen on the walls, including Mr. Bernard Gribble's painting (reproduced on another page in this number)—



THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A TYPICAL CROWD OF VISITORS
IN THE SAME GALLERY USED FOR THE BANQUET (SEE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).

"St. George's Eve, 1918: the inshore force setting out for Zeebrugge." It appears more clearly in the right-hand photograph above, high up on the left. At the banquet the Duke of York responded to the toast of "The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family." A notable dictum was: "If you have no fine arts, you have no civilisation."

AIR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE DUCHESS'S "SPIDER":



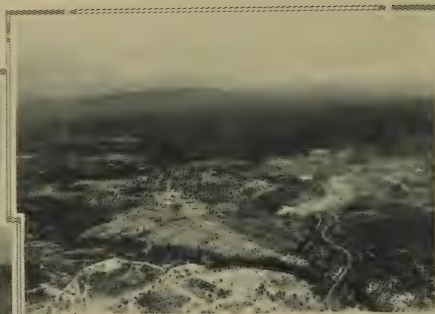
1. MOUNTAINS (SEVEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH) NORTH OF CAPE TOWN: A STRIKING VIEW OF SOUTH AFRICAN SCENERY FROM THE AIR.



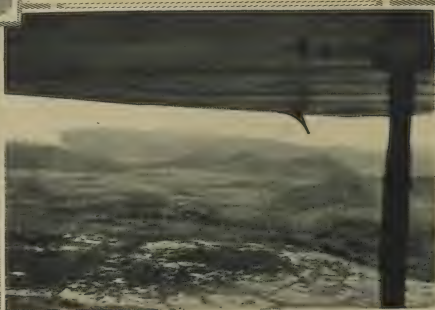
2. THE VICTORIA FALLS: AN IMPRESSIVE AIR VIEW OF THE MIGHTY SOUTH AFRICAN CATARACT ON THE ZAMBEZI RIVER—SHOWING THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.



3. A MINING CAMP IN NORTHERN RHODESIA AS SEEN FROM THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S AEROPLANE: A PHOTOGRAPH SUGGESTING A HUGE MOSAIC PAVEMENT.



4. A MINING CAMP NEAR LIVINGSTONE: A WONDERFUL EXPANSE OF AFRICAN LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE FLIGHT.



5. WHERE MANY HEAD OF GAME WERE SEEN BY THE AIR TRAVELLERS: PLAINS AND DISTANT HILLS IN KENYA—WITH PART OF THE AEROPLANE AS A "FRAME" TO THE PICTURE.



6. WHAT A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE WILDS OF UGANDA LOOKED LIKE FROM THE DUCHESS'S AEROPLANE: A CURIOUS GROUP OF MUSHROOM-LIKE ROOFS.

The Duchess of Bedford landed at Croydon (See illustration on page 822) on May 1, at the end of her record flight from England to Cape Town and back—19,000 miles—in 21 days, in her aeroplane "Spider" (a Jupiter-engined Fokker monoplane), with Captain C. D. Barnard as pilot and Mr. Robert Little as second pilot and navigator. In welcoming them Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Branner said: "We are all very proud of

these three. This flight is the best thing I have known in civil aviation in the last three or four years. From the point of view of the Air Ministry I express my own gratitude, as Director of Civil Aviation, for the example you have set us and the things you have proved." Briefly, the log of this great flight was as follows: Outward. April 10. Left Lympne and flew to Oran, Algeria—100 miles; 11th (April)—Oran to Tunis, 675 m.; 12th—Tunis to Benghazi, Tripoli; 13th—Benghazi to Assut (completing 3275 m.); 14th—Assut to Khartum, 950 m.; 15th—Khartum to Juba, near the Kenya Border; 16th—Juba to Dodoma, Tanganyika; 17th—reached Broken Hill, Rhodesia; 18th—Broken Hill to Bulawayo; 19th—Bulawayo to Cape Town, setting up record of nine and a-half days

SNAPSHOTS DURING HER GRACE'S 21-DAY "RECORD" FLIGHT.



7. A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE WILDS OF UGANDA SEEN FROM THE AIR: A MORE DISTANT VIEW OF A SETTLEMENT SIMILAR TO THE ONE SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 6.



8. IN THE LOCALITY WHERE THE DUCHESS TOOK HER LONGEST SPELL AT THE CONTROLS OF THE AEROPLANE: KHARTUM, AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 400 FT.



9. SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE OF SCALE CAUSED BY ANOTHER 3000 FT. OF ALTITUDE (AS COMPARED WITH PHOTOGRAPH NO. 8): KHARTUM FROM 7000 FT.

for the journey of 9250 miles. Return Flight, 21st (April)—Cape Town to Bulawayo, 1200 m.; 22nd—Bulawayo to Broken Hill, 400 m.; 23rd—Broken Hill to Dodoma, 800 m.; 24th—Dodoma to Juba, 800 m.; 25th—Juba to Khartum, having done 4200 miles in five days; 26th—Khartum to Cairo, 1500 m.; 27th—Cairo to Aleppo, Syria, 650 m.; 28th—Aleppo to Sofia, 1000 m.; 29th—Sofia to Dragoman (forced landing necessitated return to Sofia); and, finally, April 30—Sofia to Croydon, 1200 miles. The forced landing in Bulgaria near the end of the great adventure was a piece of bad luck that might have been disastrous but for Captain Barnard's masterly piloting. The total period of the flight—twenty-one days—was far the shortest ever taken for the double journey. The next best was that of Sir Alan Cobham—101 days, but in actual flying hours he still holds the record—175 hours, as against about 200 hours taken by the Duchess. Several times during the journey she took spells of piloting the machine herself. Her longest time at the controls was a little over an hour, near Khartum. Our photographs, taken in numerical order, show successive points on the northward route from the Cape to Aleppo.



10. THE ASSUAN DAM: AN INTERESTING AIR VIEW OF ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING WORKS ON THE NILE, FOR THE IRRIGATION OF EGYPT.



11. PART OF ALEPPO AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A FAMOUS SYRIAN TOWN VISITED BY THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD ON THE HOMEWARD FLIGHT FROM AFRICA, AFTER LEAVING CAIRO.



12. A GENERAL AIR VIEW OF ALEPPO WITH THE RIVER KOEIK (ANCIENT CHALUS) WINDING THROUGH IT: A PICTURESQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A TOWN THAT WAS OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH IN 1918.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD "BEHAVIOUR."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

GREAT events are just now taking place all around us among the "lower orders of creation," by which term we mean all living things except man himself. Yet very few, even among those who will assure you that they are "students of Nature," seem fully to grasp this fact. Photographs of birds during their "courtship," or tending

will void it over the edge of the nest; and this we call an "instinctive" act, for such youngsters can scarcely be credited with even the dimmest of notions of sanitation. Here, then, we have a striking illustration of the importance of "behaviour." But this "behaviour" would be fruitless but for some mysterious "adjustment" which causes the lower end of the intestine to form the necessary "pellicle"—a function, moreover, which ceases when the youngsters leave the nest.

Even more striking is the case of the common newt, and some other newts. Here the fertilising germs of the male are voided on to the bottom of the stream, surmounting a cone-shaped mass of jelly. On the "behaviour" of the female towards this "spermatophore," as it is called, the future of the race depends. It is not only necessary that her mental processes should enable her to recognise it, but she must also "behave" in the proper manner towards it. This she does by picking it up and thrusting it into her body! However physically perfect a newt she may be, it avails nothing for the future of the race if she fails to "behave," or respond, in the appropriate manner towards this small mass of "germ-cells." How does she distinguish it, or realise how she must "behave" towards it?

The stickleback of our streams affords another example of this supreme importance of "behaviour," apart from physical fitness, in assuring the survival of the race. Here all hangs upon the male. He must possess the right response to the "urge" of reproduction by building a

The spinning of this thread seems less remarkable than the nest-building of his fresh-water cousin, since here there is a stimulus in the form of the desire to rid himself of the silken material forming within the kidneys. But all the same, we have to take into account the instinct to rid himself of this material in the right direction. He also must not fail to keep guard over his youngsters till they are big enough to fend for themselves.

Let me now pass to one of the invertebrates, in this case a small fly (*Atherix ibis*), occasionally found in England, but more commonly on the Continent. Here the females deposit their eggs in common on the stems of grasses or rushes overhanging the water, and, dying as they do so, their bodies form an agglomeration numbering several thousand individuals and thus conspicuous objects (Fig. 1). Doubtless they afford protection to the developing eggs and larvæ, though but little on this head seems to be known. But what we are concerned with here is, again, "behaviour." Why do these flies, unlike all others, form such masses? Failing the instinct to "behave" correctly after the custom of the species, there would be no descendants to carry on the race!

One sometimes hears fond mothers in the streets of the poorer neighbourhoods calling out: "Tommy, be've yourself!" But "behaviour" here implies an appeal to conscious, voluntary effort born of intelligence, and with a foreknowledge, more or less complete, of the change in the direction of their activities which they are expected to effect. "Behaviour" in all animals other than man is something very different. It is "instinctive"—that is to say, it ensures the right "behaviour" demanded by the occasion, and is not born of experience. Indeed, a large number of "instinctive" activities are performed but once, as when a caterpillar spins a cocoon. It has had no previous experience of such a task, and unless the work be perfectly performed, death inevitably follows.

Man himself retains many "instinctive" activities, but these have now largely been supplanted by "intelligent" behaviour. Man alone has the power of ratiocination. We are apt to regard the bodies of animals, high and low in the scale, as the result of "adjustments" to the demands of the external environment. In so far as their shapes are concerned, we are doubtless right. But the survival of the race depends not alone on perfect "adjustment," but more than we generally realise on perfect "behaviour," which leaves no trace on their dead bodies.

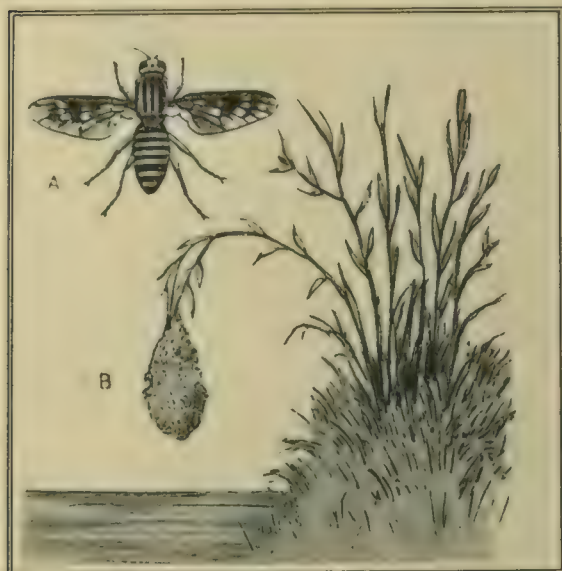


FIG. 1. THE NEST OF A SMALL FLY (*ATHERIX IBIS*) FORMED OF THE DEAD BODIES OF THOUSANDS OF FEMALES THAT DIE IN LAYING EGGS.

The females come in thousands to lay their eggs on the same plant, and in doing so die. Their dead bodies form masses of considerable size, and are occasionally to be found in England.

their young, have revealed much: and we owe no small meed of praise, besides, to those who patiently study the life-history of insects and still more lowly creatures. We seem, in the records they give us of their work, to be getting nearer and nearer to the clues we are seeking to the agencies, or "factors," which determine the shape, coloration, and modes of life, and thus to the "evolution" of these creatures. Every scrap of information in this regard is indeed precious.

Nevertheless, all too commonly, one most important phase of these events is missed entirely. And this is concerned with the interpretation of their "behaviour." Even after the most elaborate and exhaustive notes have been made of the structural adjustments of any given bird or beast to its external environment, we have still to take into consideration—and very serious consideration—its "behaviour," more especially during that most critical period of its life—that which concerns the fulfilment of the reproductive phase of life. For no matter how perfectly any given creature is adjusted to meet the conditions of the "struggle for existence," its chances of leaving descendants depend entirely on its "behaviour" during this period. We are, in other words, accustomed to attribute the survival of any given species to purely physical characters, their "adjustments" to the physical environment. We say of a species—like the swallow, for example—that it has survived in the "struggle for existence" because it is able to make long migrations: in the autumn to Africa, where alone it can find food during the winter months; and home again in the spring, where only it can build itself a nest and rear young. Swallows with defective powers of flight perish. This much is, indeed, true. But all this perfection of adjustment in regard to its powers of flight count for nothing if it bungles over the requirements of parenthood.

Only the more outstanding of these requirements can be referred to here; and they are all dependent on what we call their "instincts," about which we can discover nothing in the dead bird, however skilfully we may use the dissecting knife. Let me come more exactly to the point by taking one critical period in this chain of "mental" processes; and this concerns all birds whose young remain long helpless, crowded together in a small nest. Unless the sanitation of that nest is scrupulously performed, the whole brood perishes. The excrement must not be allowed to fall into its cavity, but must be removed at once. This would be impossible but for the fact that at this time, and only during this time, this excrement is enclosed within an excessively delicate but tough pellicle, or skin. In Fig. 2 a meadow-pipit is seen removing such a pellicle. In some dim way, without knowledge, as we understand it, the parents realise the need for this removal. Sometimes they promptly swallow it; at others, they drop it at some distance from the nest. Some young birds of themselves



FIG. 2. A MEADOW-PIPIT OCCUPIED IN ATTENDING TO THE SANITATION OF THE NEST.

But for the instinct to keep the nest scrupulously clean, the young would inevitably perish, and the race come to an end, in spite of the perfect adjustment of the parents to the conditions of their external physical environment. Here the bird is seen removing a pellicle of excrement (A).

nest of suitable materials, in a suitable way. He must then induce a number of females to lay their eggs there, and, after fertilisation, he must not fail to mount guard over that nest, lest the viragos who were his temporary wives return to feast upon the eggs! But more than this: he must not fail to keep a current of clean water flowing through the nest to bathe the eggs, and when the young emerge he must keep jealous guard on them to prevent their straying away. Truants are sucked into the mouth, brought back, and gently expelled again! He cannot be credited with a profound knowledge of the benefits conferred by a constant supply of oxygen on developing eggs; or that his youngsters will be eaten by their own mothers if allowed to stray beyond his range. His "behaviour" is due to that mysterious quality which we call "blind instinct," the precursor of intelligence.

With the marine stickleback (*Gasterosteus spinachia*), as with our freshwater species, the care of the family rests entirely on the male, who fashions a nest of seaweed (Fig. 3). This he does by binding together the fronds of a growing seaweed by means of a silken thread formed by a secretion set free from his kidneys. The thread is drawn out as he gyrates round and round the leaves of the weed, till a sort of cocoon is made, enclosing the eggs. No other vertebrate forms silken threads after this fashion.



FIG. 3. CONSTRUCTED BY THE MALE FISH: A NEST OF THE MARINE STICKLEBACK.

This is built by binding the fronds of sea-weed together with a silken thread, formed by drawing out a sticky secretion of the kidneys to make a thread which is wound round and round the fronds. In the enclosed chamber thus formed the eggs are laid.

THE UNREST IN INDIA: BOYCOTTING AND SALT-MAKING.



ADVOCATING THE BOYCOTT OF BRITISH GOODS: WOMEN IN PROCESSION IN BOMBAY, WHERE A GREAT EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO SECURE PLEDGES TO USE ONLY INDIAN-MADE (SWADESHI) ARTICLES.



DURING THE RIOTING IN CALCUTTA: FIREMEN AT WORK ON ONE OF THE TRAMCARS FIRED BY THE DEMONSTRATORS.



THE RIOTING IN CALCUTTA AFTER THE SENTENCING OF THE SWARAJIST MAYOR, MR. SEN GUPTA, AND THE PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU: POLICE PATROLLING THE CITY DURING THE HARTAL.



THE DEFIANCE OF THE SALT LAWS: POLICE AND EXCISE OFFICERS ARRESTING FOLLOWERS OF GANDHI WHO HAD ENTERED A CANAL AT KALIKAPUR, NEAR CALCUTTA, IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO ESCAPE THE AUTHORITIES.

MAHATMA GANDHI was arrested at Surat early on the morning of May 5, and was conveyed to Poona, where he is being detained. This move was a sequel to the Bombay Government's decision that it was no longer possible to allow him to remain at large without grave danger to India's tranquillity. Mr. Benn, the Secretary for India, stated in the House on the same day that Mr. Gandhi was detained under the Bombay State Prisoners Regulation of 1827. He will not be tried. With regard to pictures here given, it may be added that at the end of April salt-making was continuing in Bombay, but the chief interest centred in the propaganda against foreign goods. At that time women were paying

[Continued in Box 2.]



THE ARREST OF A SALT-MAKER AT KALIKAPUR: A GANDHI VOLUNTEER IN THE HANDS OF A POLICEMAN AFTER AN OFFICIAL RAID ON A SALT "FACTORY."



TYPICAL OF THE RIOTING WHICH HAS LED TO THE ARREST AND INTERNMENT OF MAHATMA GANDHI: A FREE FIGHT BETWEEN THE CROWD AND THE POLICE OUTSIDE THE POLICE COURT AT GIRGAUN, BOMBAY.

house-to-house visits in order to collect pledges to use only Indian-made articles. The sentencing of Mr. Sen Gupta, the Mayor of Calcutta, and the Pandit Motilal Nehru, was followed by the declaration of a hartal, a day of mourning, and by rioting in Calcutta. Amongst other things, the demonstrators set fire to two tramcars and wrecked three others.

THE GLORIES OF OBERAMMERGAU OF THE HISTORIC



JESUS (ALOIS LANG) BEING EXAMINED BEFORE THE HIGH PRIESTS:
A SCENE IN THE PASSION PLAY.



IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: JESUS BEING BOUND BY THE ROMAN
SOLDIERS.



ON THE WAY TO CALVARY: JESUS FALLS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF HIS
CROSS, WHICH HE CARRIES.



JESUS AFTER BEING CONDEMNED: AN INTERVIEW WITH THE VIRGIN MARY
AND ST. JOHN.



THE LAST SUPPER: A COLLOQUY BETWEEN JESUS AND ST. PETER
(PETER RENDL).



IN CHARGE
OF ROMAN
SOLDIERS:
JESUS
BROUGHT
BEFORE
PILATE.

As noted in connection with the portraits of the principal performers in the Oberammergau Passion Play, given in our issue of April 12, this year's revival (the sixty-first decennial production since its origin in 1633) has been arranged to open on May 11, and to be given about fifty times between that date and September 28. The present revival is of special interest both from changes in the cast, involving a more modern spirit in the presentment, and from the fact that the Passion Play Theatre has been reconstructed to hold over 5000 spectators, and equipped with new scenery and costumes. This work has cost about £100,000. The travelling facilities to Oberammergau, which lies about sixty miles south-west of Munich, have also been greatly improved, both by road and rail, and the village has prepared for an unprecedented invasion of tourists. The proportion of British and American visitors, it is reported, will probably be much larger than ever before, about one-third of the whole. The height of the season is July and August, and already the seats for the chief performances in those months have been sold out, but some extra dates will be arranged. The Play lasts about eight

REVIVED: A NEW PRODUCTION "PASSION PLAY."



JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: THE ROMAN SOLDIERS OVERCOME
WITH DISMAY.



JESUS AND HIS MOTHER: THE VIRGIN MARY (FRÄULEIN ANNI RUTZ) BESEECHING
HIM TO COME HOME.



THE HIGH PRIEST MAKING HIS ACCUSATION AGAINST JESUS: THE LEADERS
OF THE JEWS IN CONCLAVE—ONE OF THE STRIKING GROUP SCENES IN THE
PASSION PLAY.



THE KISS
OF
BETRAYAL:
JUDAS
(GUTHG)
MATER
GIVING THE
TRAITOROUS
SIGNAL TO
THE
SOLDIERS.



AT THE LAST SUPPER: JESUS, WITH THE CUP, BETWEEN ST. JOHN (HANS LANG,
ON THE LEFT) AND ST. PETER.

hours—from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., with a midday interval of two hours. Out of a population numbering 2281, no fewer than 750 men, women, and children at the performances, for which only natives of the village are eligible. It has a permanent school of dramatic art, where they are taught from an early age. The original Play was probably written and produced by the monks of the neighbouring monastery of Ettal, but early in the last century it was remodelled by the parish priest, and in 1814 the music was composed by the local schoolmaster, Rochus Dedler. Despite the elaboration of modern scenic effects and costume, some of the old simplicity is still preserved. The players, for example, wear their own hair and beards, and use hardly any theatrical make-up. The coveted principal parts are allotted by a vote of the inhabitants. The chief changes this time are the choice of Alois Lang as Christ, instead of Anton Lang, who took the part in the last three revivals, and of Fräulein Anni Rutz as the Virgin Mary.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EVEN reviewers, although authors may not think so, are afflicted occasionally with twinges of conscience. Despite long experience, mine has not yet developed a condition of complete callosity, and I sometimes fall to musing on the ethics of my craft—how far, for example, in these short notes on a number of long books it is possible to be fair alike to author and reader. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest that I found this branch of morals discussed by no less a person than the author of "ET CETERA." A Collection, &c. By Augustine Birrell (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Birrell distinguishes two classes of reviewers by an apt quotation from Dr. Johnson, contrasting the methods of rival periodicals: "The Critical Reviewers, I believe, often review without reading the books all through, but lay hold of a topic and write chiefly from their own minds. The Monthly Reviewers are duller fellows, and are glad to read the books through." Most of us to-day, I fancy, prefer to be thought "indolent" than dull. That practice of "laying hold of a topic," in fact, becomes almost inevitable, considering that, as Mr. Birrell goes on to say: "The output of new publications can only be compared to a huge tidal wave daily or weekly breaking upon an Editor's Table"; and again: "With what an avalanche of print the present-day Reviewer is confronted!" Such a state of things is hardly conducive to full-length notices in the "big 'bow-wow' style" of old. "Short notices," he continues, "are just now in great favour . . . but neither justice nor injustice can be awarded to good books or bad ones in 1000 words. The thing cannot be done!"

Certain useful principles, however, are suggested for our guidance. "If the Reviewer is careful to confine himself to those aspects of the book on which he feels justified in expressing an opinion, and eschews as an atrocious crime the guilt of attributing to himself the knowledge he has only derived from reading the book, he will seldom have any need to blame himself." Perhaps the most valuable hint is that quoted from Gibbon's tribute to the criticism of Longinus: "He tells me his own feelings upon reading it (i.e., a beautiful passage), and tells them with such energy that he communicates them." Here we have the *locus classicus* of "the personal touch" so popular to-day. I should add that Mr. Birrell uses the word "review" in the sense of "a critical notice of a book as distinguished from an explanatory account of its contents." Such an "explanatory account," I think, has its uses, and is at least preferable to hasty opinions expressed on insufficient grounds.

Applying one of the above precepts to Mr. Birrell's own book, I will not pretend to know more than he does about the new Boswell papers; Scott's biographer; such divines as Wyclif, Bunyan, Whitefield, Dr. Doddridge, and Bishop Gibson (*alias* "Dr. Codex"); or about certain eighteenth-century diarists; the birthplace of "Pamela" and "Clarissa"; or about Hawthorne, Crabb Robinson, Peacock, or William Hickey. Such are the subjects (intervening between advice to autobiographers and caustic comments on the Church debates in Parliament) which compose this delightful volume of essays, whereof I will venture on a dictum not derived from his book—that it is a worthy companion to "Obiter Dicta."

Mr. Birrell's remark, in deprecating certain proposed expurgations, that "Boswell at his worst was not quite a John Wilkes; most of whose letters . . . have not yet succeeded in getting themselves past the printers," brings me automatically to "THAT DEVIL WILKES." By Raymond Postgate. Illustrated (Constable; 14s.). In an appendix enumerating "sources for the life of Wilkes," the author mentions a great mass of papers—mostly letters to and from Wilkes—preserved at the British Museum in twenty-five volumes, besides other collections, and that "his completed life of himself was burnt by Polly (his daughter) after his death." The "Essay on Woman"—which his enemies exploited to obtain his expulsion from Parliament—is described as "quite unprintable." Mr. Postgate concludes that the verses were written by Wilkes's friend, Thomas Potter, and that Wilkes had only contributed a commentary.

It was through Thomas Potter that, as a young man, Wilkes had joined the notorious Hell-Fire Club at Medmenham Abbey. "The Order (we read) was broken up in 1763, by a prank for which Wilkes was responsible. He concealed a large baboon, dressed as a devil, in a box, and by means of a string released it when the half-mad Lord Orford was reciting a prayer to Satan. For a minute the revellers believed their prayer was answered: the terrified baboon leapt on the shoulders of the peer, who was incoherent with fear. It then escaped into the gardens. . . . The meetings were never held again: before the monks' nerves were sufficiently steady for a new 'service,' political divisions had parted them."

It is with the political side of Wilkes's amazing career, of course, that Mr. Postgate is principally concerned, and his narrative is lively and sympathetic. Especially interesting is the record of his strenuous opposition to the war with America, and his prophetic words in Parliament in 1775 on the Address declaring Massachusetts "in rebellion"—"Who knows whether . . . in a few years the independent Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the revolution of 1775 as we do that of 1688?" The present biographer enters a vigorous plea for Wilkes's political integrity, maintaining that he was by no means as black as he chose to paint himself. "He had more *savoir-faire* than to parade disinterestedness and idealism. He

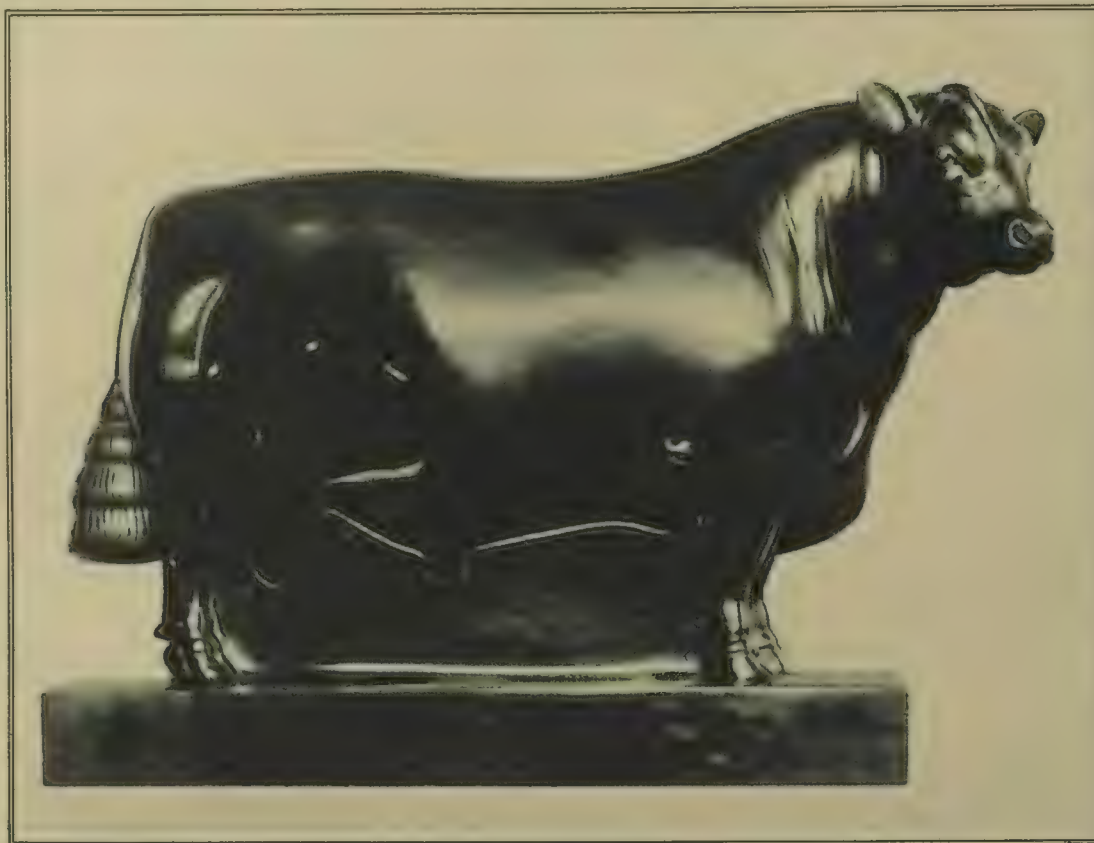
a long and important period. . . . He prided himself, at any rate, on the part he had played in preserving public order during 1830-32."

In this discerning and well-written memoir we get an admirable portrait of Melbourne in both capacities. On the human side three episodes stand out—first, his bearing towards his exceedingly difficult wife, Caroline Lamb, particularly during her disastrous love affair with Byron; second, his position as the first adviser of the young Queen Victoria, who won his devotion as something between a daughter and a "Gloriana"; third, his association with Mrs. Norton and the resultant proceedings in *Norton v. Melbourne*, a *cause célèbre* in which the jury found for him without leaving the box. I do not notice any allusion to Mrs. Norton as the original of "Diana of the Crossways." Melbourne, we are told, admired the Waverley novels; would he, I wonder, have appreciated George Meredith? He was a great reader and, like Wilkes (who edited Catullus and Theophrastus), a lover of the Greek and Latin classics. "His knowledge of books (says Mr. Newman) became enormous. Unlike Brougham among his contemporaries, he (Melbourne) was not afflicted with the foible of omniscience; of natural science, for example, he was content to remain in ignorance. His reading was rather that of a born man of letters."

While Mr. Birrell's book affords guidance to the literary critic, and Melbourne is an example of that wide reading which provides the necessary standards of judgment, there is much to be learned about another form of criticism—the theatrical—in "BAR AND BUSKIN." Being Memories of Life, Law, and the Theatre. By Edward F. Spence, K.C. Illustrated (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 15s.). This is one of those intimate and friendly books of the sort that find their way to the shelf of well-thumbed favourites, and its two-fold interest—legal and journalistic—gives it a double appeal. Besides being an eminent King's Counsel, Mr. Spence was dramatic critic of the *Westminster Gazette* for over twenty-five years, and during about the same period of the *Sketch* (from its foundation) and the *Scotsman*.

Mr. Spence's description of burning the midnight oil over his articles touches me nearly, for my own habits, I find, coincide with his in several particulars, which I need not specify. As to principles—this remark of his is noteworthy: "To praise the bad is to discourage the good; to help the incompetent is to hinder the meritorious." Actuated by "simple pride," he quotes a passage from his former editor (Mr. J. A. Spender) in "Life, Journalism, and Politics," which I remember reviewing: "In theatrical criticism the old *Westminster* was exceptionally fortunate. I suppose the present generation of theatre-goers have forgotten the ringing controversies about the notices of 'E. F. S.' (E. F. Spence), a critic of rare acumen, whose courage and honesty made him respected and, I must add, feared by authors, actors, and managers. . . . He paid his tribute to good workmanship wherever found. He was, however, the sworn foe of the cheap and pretentious, and he waged incessant warfare against certain popular favourites, whether authors, actors, or managers, who seemed to be debasing public taste."

On the legal side of Mr. Spence's reminiscences, one of the most interesting trials recalled is (he believes) the only successful libel action ever brought against *Punch*. The plaintiff was Mr. Frederick Moy Thomas, whose book, "Fifty Years of Fleet Street," had been badly "slated" by the late Sir Henry Lucy (Toby, M.P.). There was an appropriate literary atmosphere about the court on this occasion. "The case came on for trial (writes Mr. Spence) in January 1905, before Darling, J., and a special jury. I was led by Henry Dickens, K.C., now Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, Common Serjeant, whilst for the defence were Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., and Mr. J. R. Atkin, now Lord Atkin. It was the only time that I was ever against the illustrious, brilliant Birrell except in one dreary affair about a *donatio mortis causa*. . . . Birrell made his speech, which had few efforts at his delightful humour, and then Lucy was called. . . . The case is the leading authority as to the nature of the defence of 'fair comment.'"—C. E. B.



A FINE MARBLE SHOWN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "'BLACK KNIGHT OF AUCHTERARDER,' CHAMPION ABERDEEN-ANGUS BULL, 1921-2-3."—BY HERBERT HASELTINE.

This very interesting and characteristic work by Mr. Herbert Haseltine is in black Belgian marble. It forms part of the set of sculptures of British champion animals purchased by Mr. Marshall Field for the Field Museum, Chicago.

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never did a good thing without giving a bad reason. . . . Much of the mud with which he was covered he deliberately poured on his own head. His efforts have been seconded not only by the lazy habits of anecdotists who have attributed to Wilkes every cynical jest whose father they did not know, but also by two persistent and able detractors, Horace Walpole and Lord Brougham." Mr. Birrell, by the way, mentions a review by "that impudent sciolist, Lord Brougham," in which, by an ignorant "slating," he robbed a British scientist of credit for a discovery. Another link with Mr. Birrell's book provided by Mr. Postgate is a delicious story of Boswell's diplomacy in bringing about a meeting between Wilkes and Dr. Johnson (who hated his opinions) at a dinner-party. The memoir ends with the self-chosen epitaph—"The Remains of John Wilkes, a Friend to Liberty."

When Wilkes died in 1797, a promising young man of eighteen (then known as William Lamb) was about to begin a political career which is ably recorded in "LORD MELBOURNE." By Bertram Newman. Illustrated (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). In this connection it is noteworthy that, on March 21, 1776, Wilkes had made his most important speech, moving for the reform of Parliament, and that the Bill which he wished to introduce "appears to have been (says his biographer) far more enlightened than the famous Reform Bill of 1832." While Mr. Newman considers Melbourne more interesting as a man than as a statesman, he thinks that his statesmanship has been underrated. "His genial presence, his sound sense, and his healing moderation kept his party together during

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1930: NOTABLE EXHIBITS.



"ALAIN GERBAULT AND HIS CUTTER 'FIRECREST.'"—BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Many of our readers will recall that M. Alain Gerbault is the famous French lawn-tennis player who set out from Cannes, alone, in the cutter "Firecrest," in 1923, and, choosing to be a "hermit" of the high seas, voyaged the waters of the world until he reached Le Havre in August 1929. During the period in question, he sailed some thirty-seven

thousand miles; and for circumnavigating the globe he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour. "The Firecrest," it is interesting to add, is of about ten tons Thames measurement, 31½ ft. in water-line length, and 8½ ft. in the beam. She is English, for she was built at Rowhedge, as far back as 1892.

The Royal Academy, 1930: A Subject Picture of Note.



"GIRL WRITING AT A DESK."—BY HAROLD KNIGHT, A.R.A.

Mr. Harold Knight, the painter of this picture, was elected an A.R.A. in 1928. He is a Member of the National Portrait Society and of the Royal Portrait Society. His wife is that distinguished artist Dame Laura Knight, who is also

an A.R.A., and, indeed, takes precedence over her husband in the ranks of the Associates, for she was elected in 1927, while, as we have noted, Mr. Knight was not elected until the following year.

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The Royal Academy, 1930. Knight Paintings of Circus and Stage.

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"THE TRICK RIDER": BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.



"BALLET-GIRL AND DRESSMAKER": BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.



"THREE CLOWNS": BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.



"WAITING TO GO IN THE RING": BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.



"A MUSICAL CLOWN": BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.

DAME LAURA KNIGHT remains faithful again to circus and stage. She has long been known as the interpreter of life behind the scenes, and in this year's Academy she has no fewer than five canvases, reproduced above, depicting types of character in the entertainment world. She also exhibits a portrait group—"Eve and Angela, daughters of A. H. S. Hinchliffe, Esq."

The Royal Academy, 1930: Subject Pictures from History & Legend.

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"COLLINGWOOD IN THE 'ROYAL SOVEREIGN' ENGAGING 'SANTA ANA': BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR": BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



"THE CREATION OF MAN": BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.
Painted by Command for the Library, the Viceroy's House, New Delhi.



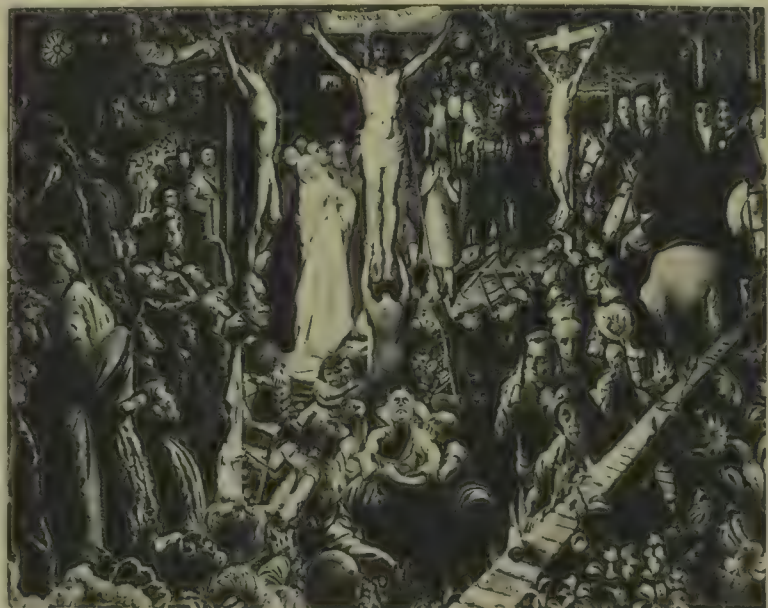
"ENCHANTMENT": BY J. C. DOLLMAN.



"ST GEORGE'S EVE, 1918: THE INSHORE FORCE SETTING OUT FOR ZEEBRUGGE": BY BERNARD GRIBBLE.



"MR. PEPYS, SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE VICTUALLING OFFICE, AT CHATHAM, 29TH MARCH, 1669": BY ARTHUR D. MCCORMICK.



"WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD?"
BY MARK SYMONS.

The title of Mr. Arthur D. McCormick's picture of Mr. Pepys inspecting naval stores at Chatham on March 29, 1669, is supplemented by the following quotation from Pepys's Diary: "Up and with Middleton all morning at the Docke looking over the store-houses, etc." That the Surveyor-General's inspection on such an occasion was not likely to be perfunctory may be gathered from an entry in the Diary dated four days earlier—March 25, 1669, when he describes a Court-martial aboard the "Charles" concerning the loss of the "Defiance." "And there (writes Pepys) I did manage the business, the Duke of York having by special order directed them to take the assistance of Commissioner Middleton and me, forasmuch as there might be need of advice in what relates to the government of the ships in harbour. And so I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-Attendants out of their wits almost; and made the trial last till seven at night,

not eating a bit all the day; only when we had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the Gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law deserve death, but Commissioner Middleton did declare that he was against giving the sentence of death, we withdrew, as not being of the Court, and so left them to do what they pleased. . . . By and by they had done, and called us down from the quarter-deck; and there we find they do sentence that the Gunner of 'The Defiance' should stand upon 'The Charles' three hours with his fault writ upon his breast, and with a halter about his neck, and so be made incapable of any office." In the entry of March 29 (the date of the picture) we read: "Up and by water to White Hall; and there to the Duke of York, to shew myself after my journey to Chatham."

The Royal Academy, 1930: An Interior of Outstanding Charm.

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"WOMAN SPINNING": BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, A.R.A.

This charming "interior" combines the skill of the Dutch masters, notably in the delineation of shadows and mirror reflections, with a softer and less rigid quality in the figure and in the general atmosphere that is typically English. Mr. Leonard Campbell Taylor has two other pictures in this year's Academy—

"Interior at Holland Park Road," and a portrait, "Miss Joy Lyon." Examples of his art are to be seen in the Tate Gallery and in various other galleries, in the provinces and abroad, at Manchester, Birkenhead, Sydney, Toronto, and Rome. He was born at Oxford in 1874, and served in the R.N.V.R. during the war.

The Royal Academy, 1930: Portraits of Distinguished Men and Women, including Her Majesty the Queen.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE HOLYROOD AMENITY TRUST. COPYRIGHT OF THE REST RESERVED FOR OWNERS BY "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."



"LADY MARY LYGON": BY W. B. E. RANKEN.



"SIR WILLIAM R. MORRIS, BT.": BY SIR ARTHUR COPE, R.A. PRESENTATION PORTRAIT.



"LADY BARON": BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.



"SIR HENRY WOOD": BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON.



"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN": BY DAVID JAGGER.



"ANNIE VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY": BY JOHN M. AIKEN.



"THE HON. PHYLLIS ASTOR": BY W. C. DE GLEN, A.R.A.



"THE LATE DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT, G.B.E., LL.D.": BY ANNIE L. SWINNERTON, A.R.A.



"THE LORD MELCHETT": BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"THE COMPOSER, CYRIL SCOTT": BY G. HALL NEALE.



"THE LADY STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL": BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



"HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK": BY THOMAS C. DUGDALE.

The Royal Academy, 1930: The "Spirit of Place" in English Art.

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"PIAZZA CAVOUR, GENOVA": BY HENRY RUSHBURY, A.R.A.



"THE RINK, VILLARS": BY HARRY WATSON.



"WHITEHALL": BY FRANCIS DODD, A.R.A.

The spirit of place has always been an inspiration to painters with a love of the picturesque, whether in architecture or natural scenery. Here we show some notable examples of pictorial topography in the new Academy, ranging from Genoa and Venice to Villars—a famous home of winter sport in the Alps—and our own London, past and present. Looking down Whitehall towards Westminster, in Mr. Dodd's picture, we see the Horse Guards on the right, and in the background Big Ben and the Victoria Tower. Mr. Vicat Cole's picture of the Serpentine shows a glimpse of the lake from the stone terrace, with its pools and fountains, at the Lancaster Gate end in Kensington Gardens, where the most rural aspect is obtained. Not all Londoners are aware, perhaps, that we owe



"CÀ D'ORO": BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.



"BAYSWATER": BY ALGERNON NEWTON.



"THE SERPENTINE, KENSINGTON GARDENS": BY R. VICAT COLE.

the Serpentine to Queen Caroline, Consort of George II. Regarding the subject of Mr. Russell Flint's Venetian scene, Baedeker says: "Cà Doro, the most elegant of the palaces in the Gothic style, was built by Matteo Raverti and others in 1424-36. The popular reading of the name (Cà d'Oro) is alleged to be based on the original gilding of the ornamentation of the façade."

The Royal Academy, 1930: Landscape, Country Life, and Interiors.

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"THE EVENING CAMP": BY LUCY KEMP-WELCH.



"A GOLFING PARTY": BY GEORGE HENRY, R.A.



"THE STUDIO": BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.



"THE ITALIAN ROOM, 42, HYDE PARK GATE": BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.



"THE LONG GALLERY, BURTON CONSTABLE": BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL.



"SILVER AND GOLD": BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.

The subject of Mr. Frederick Elwell's picture calls for a few words of comment. In "A Book About Yorkshire," by J. S. Fletcher, we read: "A most interesting house is Burton Constable, the seat of the family of that name since the Norman Conquest. . . . Its collection of pictures includes (a portrait) of Sir Henry Constable, created Viscount Dunbar by James I. . . . In the magnificent library were stored valuable manuscripts relating to the history of East Yorkshire, and the papers of Dr. Burton, author of 'Monasticon Eboracense,' together with

the papers rescued by the antiquarian, Roger Dodsworth, Charles Fairfax, and a York citizen named Thompson, from the fire which broke out in St. Mary's Tower at York during the siege in 1644."

The Royal Academy, 1930: The Art of Alfred Munnings.

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"LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE'S HORSE, 'NOTHING VENTURE'":
BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"FROM MY BED-ROOM WINDOW": BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"THE NEW STANDARDS AT THE PRESENTATION OF STANDARDS TO THE
HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BY H.M. KING GEORGE V., JUNE 1927": BY ALFRED
J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD AND THE EARL
OF HAREWOOD, M.F.H., WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR": A PICTURE
BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



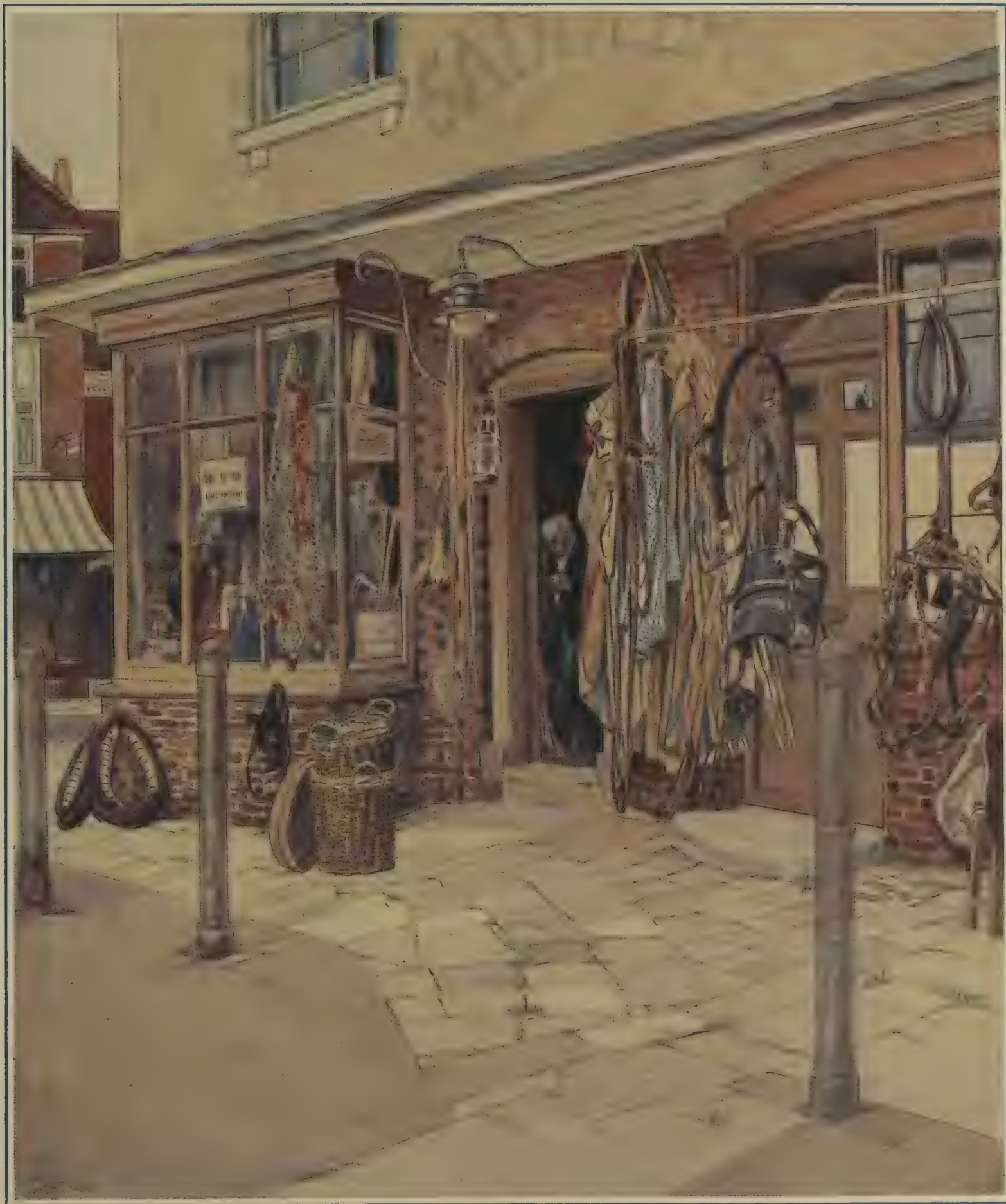
"MILLCENT BARON ON 'MAGPIE'": BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



"THE PRESENTATION OF STANDARDS TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BY
H.M. KING GEORGE V., JUNE 1927": BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

who was born at Mendham, Suffolk, in 1878, got his early training at the Norwich School of Art, and afterwards studied in Paris. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy every year since 1898; was elected A.R.A. in 1919; and R.A. in 1925. His principal works acquired for public galleries include "Arrival at Epsom Downs, Derby Day" (at Birmingham), "Gipsy Life" (at Aberdeen), and "City and Suburban Day" (bought by the Chantry Bequest). Other well-known pictures of his are "The Prince of Wales on 'Forest Witch'" and "Changing Horses" (awarded the Médaille d'Or at the Paris Salon).

In modern art Mr. Alfred J. Munnings is pre-eminent as an interpreter of the horse in all the phases of its activity, and his six paintings in this year's Academy, which we reproduce on this page, are admirable examples of his art. Mr. Munnings,



THE OLD ENGLAND THAT IS PASSING: "THE SADDLER'S SHOP."

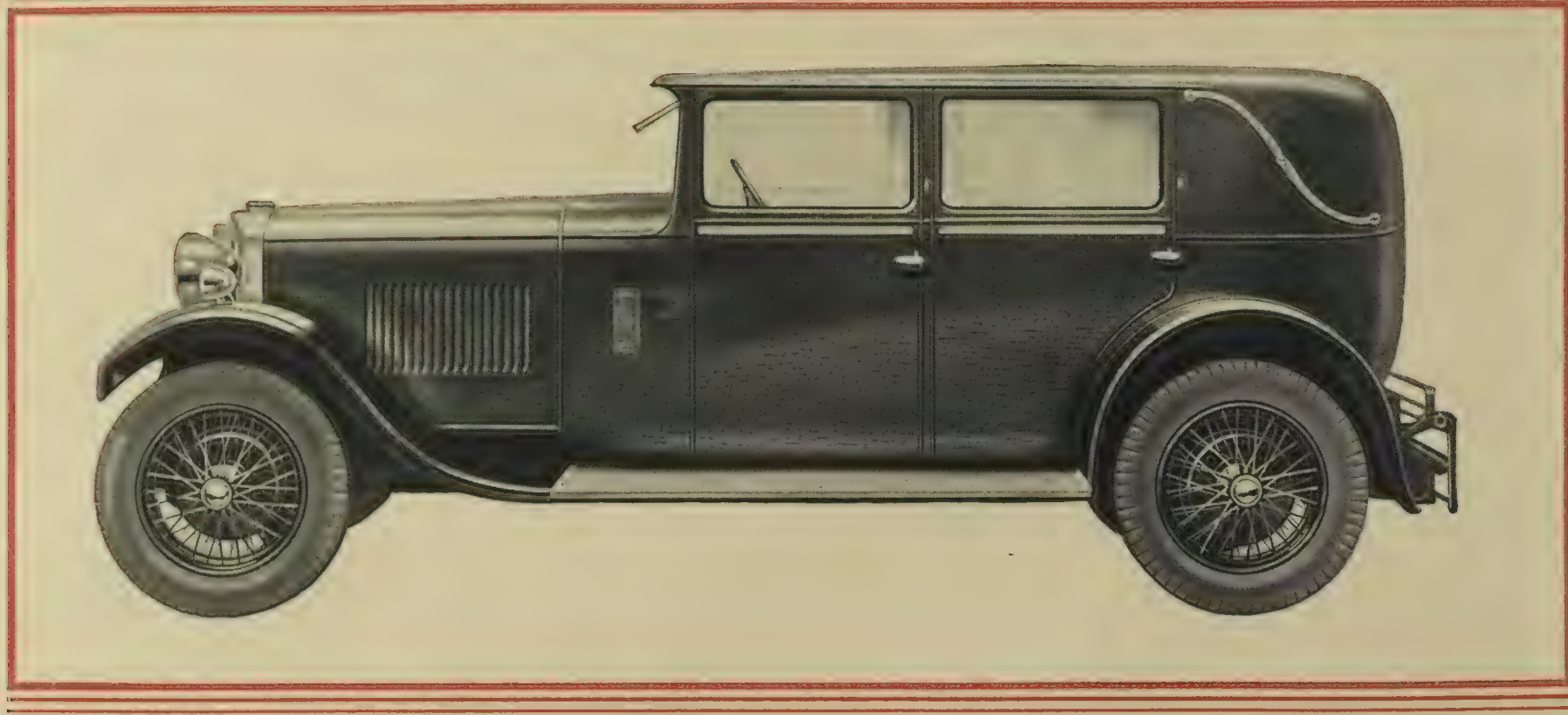
Concerning this picture, the artist writes: "The grass is growing in the street outside the saddler's shop. Its master finds that there is no longer a demand for work for carriages, and not much for heavy harness; so that there is very little left of his old trade, beyond saddles and bridles for riding-horses. This saddler's shop belongs to the days when the business held an important position in the town. Nowadays, the saddler must take to leather-work for motor-cars if he wants to keep his shop going. This one is too

old to change his ways—he does not care for the 'fancy trade,' but prefers to keep a solitary apprentice, where he once kept half a dozen, and carry on with what is left to him to do." All of which is, perhaps, unduly pessimistic. It is as true as it is obvious that the saddler is in less demand than he was, but at least it may be said that, in a measure, the horse is returning to its kingdom, more particularly for transport in cities, where the density of the traffic makes more and more for slowness of speed.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FLORA C. TWORT. (COPYRIGHTED.)

£1,000

-and the faculty of choice



In no other class of car is choice so restricted as in the seven-seater limousine range at about £1,000, and in no other class is the British quality of what may be called *thoroughgoing* luxury so successfully displayed. Among these few models, the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam stands out in no uncertain manner—a fact confirmed by the large number of these beautiful cars to be met with in town and country. This model is *fashionable* simply because most present-day buyers are capable of close judgment in cars.

The 25 h.p. Sunbeam Weymann Limousine, at £995,

allies the true Weymann method of construction with an interior luxury usually to be found only in the best coachbuilt bodies. It unites the conveniences of both saloon and limousine, and may be owner-driven with full companionship or chauffeur-driven with full privacy for passengers. The panel between the driving seat and rear seat disappears when so required by the mere turning of a handle.

This car, with its superb seven-seater body, is a very remarkable example of quality rendered exceptionally attractive by its comparatively low first cost.

In the £1,000 class of cars the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam is so pre-eminent as to render choice no difficult matter.

SUNBEAM

the supreme car

The Sunbeam range includes six-cylinder cars of 16, 20 and 25 h.p., together with the famous 3-Litre. Prices of five-seater cars from £550.

Dunlop tyres standard.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

LT.-GEN. SIR C. J. DEVERELL.

To be Chief of the General Staff in India, succeeding General Sir Philip Chetwode, who is to be the successor of Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood. Is at present Quarter-Master-General in India.



MR. VINCENT MASSEY.

Appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London; and to take up his duties about September 1. At present he is the Canadian Minister in Washington, a post he has held since 1926. Born in Toronto in 1887.



MISS AMY JOHNSON.

Left Croydon on May 5 in a Gipsy-Moth light aeroplane in an endeavour to fly alone to Australia. She is twenty-two, and is the daughter of a Hull business man. In addition to holding a pilot's certificate, she has an Air Ministry licence as a ground engineer.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

DR. JULIA MARCELLE BROWNE.

Appointed Medical Officer of Health for Stepney, E., where she has been Assistant Medical Officer for nearly ten years. There are only two other women who hold similar posts in England.



SIR CYRIL COBB.

The new M.P. for West Fulham. A Conservative. Was Member for the same constituency 1918-29. Chairman of the London County Council, 1913-14. Is a barrister. Was born on Oct. 6, 1861. K.B.E., 1918.



THE UNOFFICIAL MATCH BETWEEN UNITED STATES AND BRITISH WOMEN GOLFERS: PLAYERS OF MISS GLENNA COLLETT'S TEAM (U.S.A.).

In the front row (from l. to r.) are Miss P. Wattle, Miss M. Bennett, Miss F. Stifel, Miss Helen Hicks, and Miss Glenna Collett. In the back row are Mrs. Lee Mida, Mrs. H. P. Martelle, Miss V. van Wie, Miss B. Wall, Mrs. C. S. Hill, Miss M. Orcutt, and Miss R. Knapp. Miss Knapp did not play in the unofficial match; Miss E. Quier, Mrs. S. Hanley, Mrs. L. G. Federman, and Miss L. H. Fordyce did.



THE UNOFFICIAL MATCH BETWEEN UNITED STATES AND BRITISH WOMEN GOLFERS: PLAYERS OF MISS MOLLY GOURLAY'S TEAM (GREAT BRITAIN).

In the front row (from left to right) are Miss D. Pearson, Miss D. Park, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss E. Wilson, and Miss E. Corlett. In the back row (left to right) are Miss D. Fishwick, Miss D. Chambers, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss J. McCulloch, Mrs. Latham Hall, and Miss P. Lobbett. Miss Gourlay's team beat Miss Collett's team by eight matches to six. The play, which was unofficial, was over the old course at Sunningdale.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO A MOTOR-BOAT "HURDLER": MR. JOHN A. MILLER, WHO WAS KILLED ON MAY 3, PRACTISING A LEAP OVER AN OBSTACLE.

Mr. John A. Miller, of Ivy House, Brighouse, Yorkshire, driving his motor-boat on Carr Mill dam, St. Helens, had forced his craft to leap over an obstacle in the water when there was an explosion aboard her and a piece of flying metal struck the "hurdler" and killed him.



THE "MISSING" EGYPTIAN COURIER REACHES ENGLAND BY AIR: THE ARRIVAL AT CROYDON ON MAY 5—A HANDSHAKE FOR THE PILOT.

The eagerly-awaited courier from Cairo arrived at Croydon by aeroplane. A second courier had accompanied him to Marseilles, but continued by the usual route. It was possible, therefore, to resume the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations on May 5.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM DISCOVERY: AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT OF 1505.

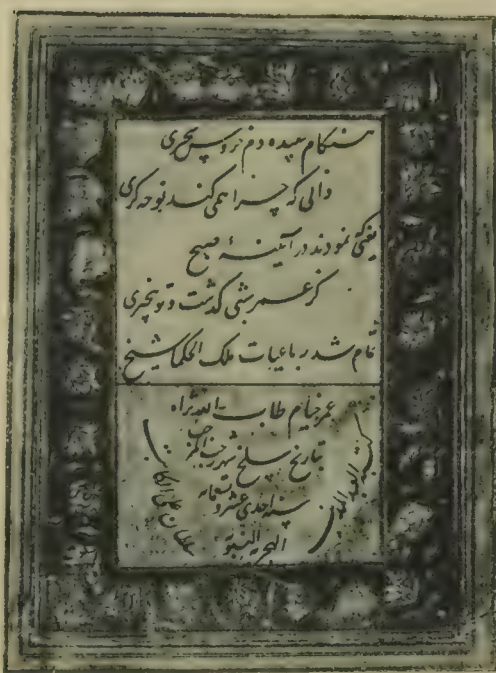
By PROFESSOR M. MAHFUZ-UL HAQ, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

THE discovery of this beautiful, illustrated and illuminated manuscript of the Rubaiyat of 'Omar-i-Khayyam," writes Professor Mahfuz-ul Haq, "proves conclusively that it was the East and not the West that prepared the first 'illustrated' copy of 'Omar's Quatrains. Found in a small bookshop in a by-lane in Calcutta, where it had been lying unnoticed for a long time past, the manuscript attracted the attention of my friend, Professor S. Najib Ashraf, who at once acquired it for his private library, but, later, presented it to his village library (Al-Islah Library, Desna, Bihar Sharif) in the district of Patna. The manuscript must have had a chequered history in the past, but, as its original fly-leaf is missing, we are quite in the dark as to its romantic history during the last four centuries or so, when it travelled from Persia to India. However, we learn from certain notes and endorsements on the outer

border of the manuscript that it was in the possession of Devi Das, a Hindu scholar of Pasrur in the Sialkot District of the Punjab, and that in 1891 it was repaired by a bookbinder, Shamim Ahmad, of Benares. We also learn from a note in Hindustani that originally the manuscript had a very large border, but as it had been damaged by the ravages of time, it was replaced by a smaller one in 1891. Probably the heirs of Devi Das did not take much care of the manuscript, for we find that the first twenty leaves have become brittle and discoloured. This charming little copy, comprising fifty-four folios (size, $6 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$), and containing 206 quatrains, is perhaps the best illustrated and illuminated manuscript of 'Omar-i-Khayyam that has yet been discovered, and its superb calligraphy, ornamentation, and decoration entitle it to be included among the finest specimens of the art of book-production that flourished in Persia under the successors of Tamerlane. It is written in a bright jet-black ink, within fine multi-coloured lines, and is surrounded by a lapis lazuli inner border, with delicately-drawn flowering plant-motives in gold. If the original outer border (which probably contained beautiful designs and hunting scenes) had remained intact, it must have, I suppose, given additional charm to the copy. Nevertheless, from the fact that the manuscript was transcribed by the world-famous calligraphist, Sultan 'Ali of Mashhad, and illuminated and illustrated by some of his worthy colleagues, who have lavishly expended gold, lapis lazuli, and other costly pigments in adorning the manuscript, it is probably correct to surmise

that it was prepared for some royal personage—possibly Sultan Husain Baiqara (1457-1506), who is acknowledged to have been one of the greatest connoisseurs of art in the East. 'He was,' as has been observed by Dr. Martin, 'the founder of the most elegant style of book-production in Persia and well deserves to be remembered among the greatest bibliophiles of the world. . . . By paying large salaries and making princely presents he retained in his service the cleverest masters of the period, who created the finest in the production of their volumes. The paper was unsurpassed, the illumination of extreme delicacy, and the covers are unequalled to this day.' Sultan 'Ali, who is stated to have brought 'the art of Nastaliq calligraphy to its highest perfection,' was the chief calligraphist of Sultan Husain. He completed the transcription of this copy on the last day of Rajab, 911 Hijra (December 27th, 1505, A.D.), or, only four months before the death of his royal patron. Our copy was, therefore, prepared only forty-five years after the famous Bodleian MS. (dated 865 A.H./1460 A.D.), which is the oldest manuscript of 'Omar's Rubaiyat in existence. There are five beautiful miniatures (on folios 31b, 32a, 41b, 42a, 50b), which adorn the manuscript. They are the work of a contemporary artist, who, as was usual in those days, has not signed his name. Although the

[Continued at top right.



CONTAINING THE NAME OF THE SCRIBE AND THE DATE OF TRANSCRIPTION (COMPLETED IN DECEMBER 1505): THE COLOPHON OF THE M.S.



FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MS. OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM FOUND IN A BOOKSHOP AT CALCUTTA: A TYPICAL PAGE OF TEXT.

paintings lack the artistic perfection of Bihzad and his distinguished pupils like Shaikhzada Mahmud and others, yet there can be no doubt as to their having been drawn by some painter who had received his training in the studio of Bihzad. But I must point out that the quality of these paintings should not be judged by the reproductions that appear here, for the art of process engraving in India is still in its infancy. The paintings are really much more beautiful and attractive than they appear in the half-tone reproductions. Besides its great artistic value, the manuscript has no mean textual importance, and I am sure that its publication will be welcomed by all lovers of Khayyam, and particularly by those scholars who are engaged in a critical examination of the Rubaiyat. Students of Khayyam are probably aware that Professor Arthur Christensen has published an excellent

'Concordance' of 1213 quatrains, attributed to 'Omar-i-Khayyam, and probably they know, too, that he has selected only 121 of those quatrains as 'probably genuine.' Is it not, then, gratifying to note that seventy-four quatrains of this copy are included in Professor Christensen's 'selected list.' Moreover, our codex contains seven, out of a total of thirteen quatrains, that were discovered at Paris in 1923, in an old Persian Anthology (Mu'nis-ul-Ahrar), which constitutes, as has been stated by Sir Denison Ross, 'the earliest collection of Omar's "Rubaiyat," and is 123 years older than the famous Bodleian MS.' I have given above a very brief account of the manuscript; in fact, I have only given a gist of my rather lengthy introduction to the manuscript, which I propose to publish at an early date.' We may add that Sir E. Denison Ross, commenting on the first announcement of the new discovery, wrote recently: "I regard it as highly improbable that any Persian painter made illustrations for (the Rubaiyat)—such collections were never illustrated. If the Calcutta MS. contains miniatures, these must have been taken from one of those narrative poems to which the Persian artists were wont to devote their skill. Although one is entitled to speak of Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat as a poem, not so of the quatrains of Omar, for they are merely a collection of disconnected verses. . . . The poems of Omar Khayyam are 800 years old. We know the precise date of his death—A.D. 1123—from a contemporary writer. There is no longer any mystery attaching to this man's life."



"A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE—AND THOU BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS": ONE OF FIVE ILLUMINATED MINIATURES IN THE NEW MS. (COLOURED IN THE ORIGINAL).



"AH, MY BELOVED, FILL THE CUP THAT CLEARS TO-DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND FUTURE TEARS": ANOTHER ILLUMINATED PAGE, ASCRIBED TO A PUPIL OF BIHZAD, IN THE NEWLY-FOUND MS.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: DISASTERS; STATE OCCASIONS; & OTHER NOTABLE EVENTS.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST LOCK OPENED BY THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: AN AIR VIEW OF THE HUGE STRUCTURE AT YMUIDEN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NORTH SEA CANAL.

Queen Wilhelmina, accompanied by her Consort, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, Princess Juliana, and most of the Dutch Cabinet, attended the opening, on April 29, of the new lock at Ymuiden, at the entrance to the North Sea Canal. The royal party arrived in the new Dutch East Indies liner, "Johann van Oldenbarnevelt," and the Queen herself operated the switch controlling the machinery that opened the lock gates. The new lock is the largest in the world, and cost £1,500,000.



WHERE 1000 CROCODILES ARE ON SHOW IN GERMANY: THE APPROPRIATE ENTRANCE GATE TO THEIR ENCLOSURE AT THE BERLIN "ZOO."

The Berlin "Zoo" has opened to the public a great exhibition of crocodiles, of which no fewer than a thousand recently arrived there. These are doubtless part (or all) of the same batch of reptiles, numbering over 1000, which were illustrated in our issue of April 19, basking in the sunshine on the Riviera at Nice. As noted under the photographs then given, they were placed there for a time in order to become acclimatised gradually to European conditions.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION IN WHICH SIX MEN WERE KILLED: MESSRS. BIBBY'S OIL-CAKE MILLS AT LIVERPOOL.

Six men were killed and about forty injured, some very seriously, by an explosion which occurred, at 11.20 a.m. on May 5, in the oil-cake mills of Messrs. J. Bibby and Sons at Liverpool. The explosion occurred at the back of a huge twelve-storey brick building, to which are joined metal silos, or containers.



THE FRANCO-ALGERIAN CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: M. DOUMERGUE LEAVING THE ALGIERS WAR MEMORIAL.

The centenary of the occupation of Algiers by the French was celebrated there on May 4, when the French President, M. Doumergue, received the homage of native chiefs, who had come from all parts of the interior, at a reception held at the Summer Palace. The President drove to the War Memorial and deposited a wreath.



JUST LIT BY MARCONI FROM GENOA, 9000 MILES AWAY: THE RADIO EXHIBITION AT SYDNEY.

As noted in our issue of March 29, Marconi arranged to transmit from his yacht, at Genoa, a wireless impulse to operate a switch in Sydney and turn on lights at the Radio Exhibition. This photograph was taken 1-7th of a second after he had pressed a key aboard the yacht.



WHERE 317 AMERICAN CONVICTS WERE BURNT TO DEATH IN THEIR CELLS: WRECKAGE AFTER THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN THE OHIO STATE PRISON.

An appalling fire disaster occurred in the State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, on April 21, when 317 convicts, imprisoned in small locked cells, from which they could not be released in time, were burned to death, suffocated, or killed by the fall of roof-timbers and masonry. In addition, 150 men were taken to hospital so badly injured that they were not expected to live. Hundreds of other convicts showed great heroism in their efforts to rescue their fellow-prisoners. The



SHOWING THE BURNT-OUT BLOCK (NEAR RIGHT CENTRE) WHERE THE 317 CONVICTS PERISHED: A GENERAL AIR VIEW OF THE OHIO PRISON AFTER THE DISASTER.

prison is one of the largest in the country, and was greatly overcrowded, containing 4300 prisoners instead of the 1500 for whom it was originally designed. Trouble has since occurred among the survivors, who began a passive resistance campaign, to obtain an improvement of conditions, and later they broke into open revolt. They were fired on by troops, and the prison was put under martial law. The ordinary guards were replaced by nearly 1000 soldiers.

CLOCKS OF OTHER DAYS: EXAMPLES OF HISTORIC TIMEPIECES.



HOW THE EGYPTIANS KEPT TIME 3000 YEARS AGO: AN ALABASTER
WATER-CLOCK FROM THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK (1415-1380 B.C.),
WITH AN ORIFICE AT THE BASE THROUGH WHICH THE WATER
SLOWLY ESCAPED (SEE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).

PAOPHI.	CHOIAK.	MECHIR.	PHARMUTI.	PAYNI.	MESORI.
THOTH.	ATHYR.	TYBI.	PHAMENOTH.	PACHONS.	EPIPHI. THOTH.

CALIBRATIONS OF THE KARNAK WATER-CLOCK (SHOWN IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH ADJOINING).

Above are the names of the months as inscribed inside the rim at the top. Below are scales with divisions marked by dots to indicate the hours, which varied in length at different seasons, as the intervals between sunrise and sunset (and *vice-versa*) were always divided into twelve equal parts. (N.B.—The blanks show where no records remain on the original.)



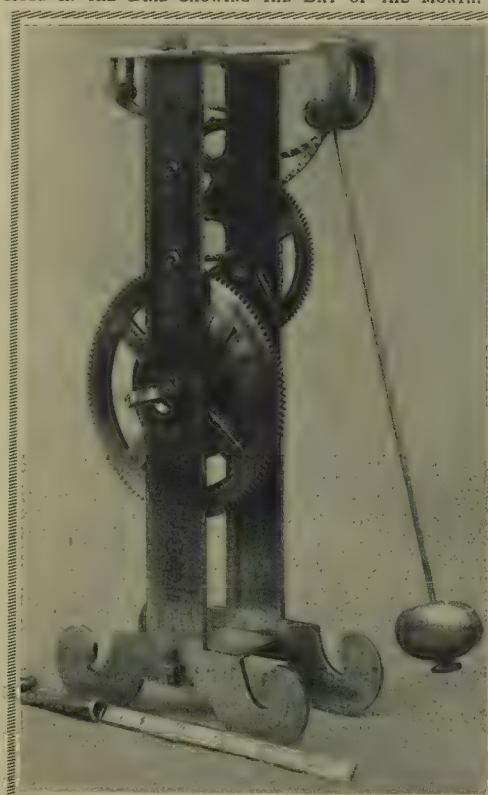
MADE IN 1715, AT BARROW, LINCOLNSHIRE, BY JOHN HARRISON, WINNER OF A £20,000 GOVERNMENT AWARD FOR HIS INVENTION OF THE CHRONOMETER: AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK WITH WOODEN WHEELS AND PINIONS, AND A HOLE IN THE DIAL SHOWING THE DAY OF THE MONTH.



AN ENGLISH WATER-CLOCK OF ABOUT 1700: A SUSPENDED METAL DRUM (CONTAINING WATER PASSED THROUGH PERFORATED PARTITIONS TO CONTROL ROTATION—SEE INSET DIAGRAM) WITH AN AXLE INDICATING TIME ON A VERTICAL SCALE.



THE DECORATIVE SIDE OF CLOCK-CASE CONSTRUCTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:
A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH EXAMPLE DATING FROM THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI.



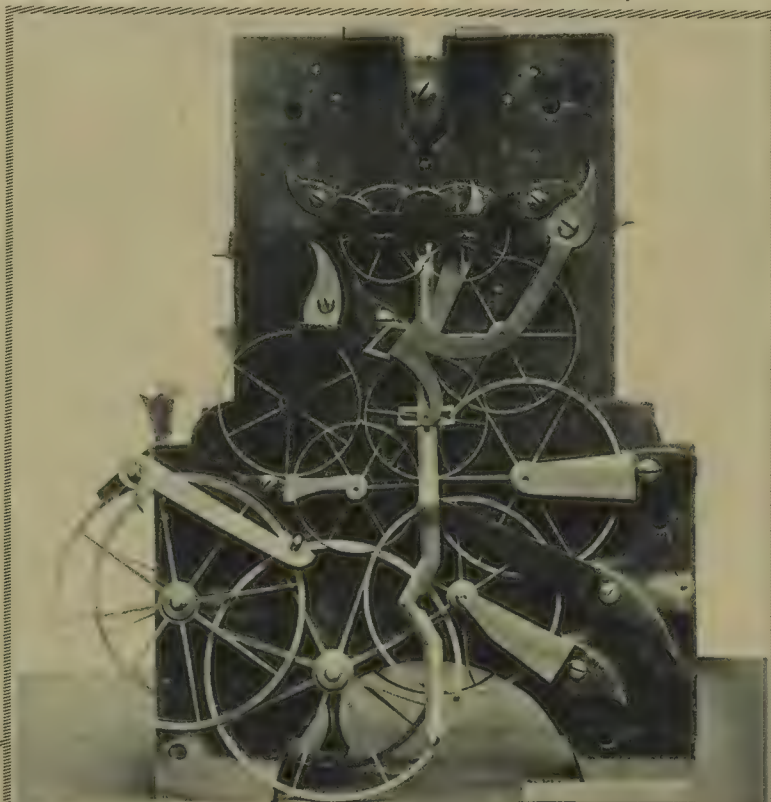
GALILEO'S ESCAPEMENT: A MODEL ILLUSTRATING THE MECHANISM DEvised BY GALILEO ABOUT 1641 FOR EMPLOYING A PENDULUM TO CONTROL A CLOCK IN PLACE OF THE "FOLIOT" BALANCES THEN USED.



THE OLDEST KNOWN PUBLIC CLOCK RETAINING THE ORIGINAL FORM OF VERGE ESCAPEMENT, WITH "FOLIOT" OR CROSS-BAR BALANCE: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK REMOVED FROM DOVER CASTLE IN 1872, SAID TO BE OF SWISS MANUFACTURE AND TO HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN 1348--A DATE POSSIBLY REFERRING TO BELLS INSTALLED ABOUT THAT TIME.



"BIG BEN," WHOSE
CLOCK MECHANISM
WAS MADE IN 1858
BY FREDERICK DENT,
PREDECESSOR OF
MESSRS. E. DENT
AND CO., LTD.



THE REGULATOR MADE BY BENJAMIN VULLIAMY FOR GEORGE III. AND FORMERLY THE CHIEF
CLOCK IN THAT KING'S PRIVATE OBSERVATORY AT KEW ESTABLISHED IN 1769: THE BACK,
SHOWING THE ANTI-FRICTION WHEELS (INSTEAD OF BEARINGS) THAT SUPPORTED THE
PIVOTS AND THUS REDUCED FRICTION.

DECORATIVE MODERN TIMEPIECES OF TO-DAY.



A REMARKABLE PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP: A TINY FOB WATCH SET IN A JEWELLED BROOCH FROM JAMES OGDEN, OF 41, DUKE STREET, W.



A COMBINED BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, AND EIGHT-DAY CLOCK IN GILT: A STRIKING TIMEPIECE AT J. C. VICKERYS IN A MODERN DESIGN. THIS FIRM SPECIALISE IN CLOCKS OF THE LATEST TYPES.



ENAMELLED IN GREEN AND BLACK: ONE OF THE MANY ATTRACTIVE EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS AT VICKERYS, OF 145, REGENT STREET, W.

(LEFT) ONYX INLAID WITH LAPIS LAZULI: ANOTHER DECORATIVE MODERN TIMEPIECE FROM J. C. VICKERYS.



(LEFT) FOR MODERN SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS: THE "ERMETO" SELF-WINDING WATCH WITH A SLIDING CASE THAT COVERS THE FACE. IT CAN BE CARRIED SAFELY IN THE POCKET OR HANDBAG. DESIGNED BY DE TREVAR, OF 106, REGENT STREET, W.



(RIGHT) A DIMINUTIVE WATCH SET IN A DIAMOND SAUTOIR: A BEAUTIFUL JEWEL AT JAMES OGDEN'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS IN DUKE STREET, W. THE WATCH KEEPS PERFECT TIME.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: R.A. REFLECTIONS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IT has been the fashion for so many years, in circles that pride themselves upon their intelligence, to decry that vast aggregation of pictures known as the Royal Academy Exhibition that the uplifting of one small voice in its favour can have no effect one way or the other. Its opponents say that its policy is such that no new ideas have a chance of expression, that it learns nothing and forgets nothing, and that, in consequence, a great many of our best painters will have nothing to do with it. One can admit all this (within limits) and still point out that quite a number of modern, and even revolutionary, painters do appear upon its walls, and that one or two Royal Academicians are likely to be remembered for as many years as one or two of their more eloquent detractors.



EXHIBITED AT THE FIRST "ACADEMY," IN 1769: "MRS. BOUVERIE AND MRS. CREWE," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

But it really seems to me that all this fuss is beside the point, simply because one has no right to demand that an exhibition organised on the lines of the Royal Academy should consist of canvas after canvas of indubitable power and originality. No one expects every novel they pick up, or every new song they hear, to be as fine as "Riceyman Steps" or as noble as the Sword Song in "Siegfried." Yet a number of people pay their eighteenpence (or more probably get in on a free pass, as I do) and spend the rest of the season grumbling because Mr. Slick Palette, who is their pet abomination, has repeated himself for the umpteenth year in succession.

Let us be fair. There are too many pictures—we'll admit that. But what variety! What contrasts in handling! What oily photographic accuracy here, and what inspired sincerity next to it! That quiet landscape, all mist and sun! That smiling nonentity in his very best clothes! The fat woman with the diamonds, who surely drops her aitches! The great politician made to look like a statesman! Bother the critics, who are so worried about tendencies and faulty brushwork! What on earth has art to do with it all? This is a social affair on a large scale, a silent sort of revue, with a thousand actors and actresses all set out for our amusement. And if we really are a trifle exhausted at the end, there is always the spectacle of the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, metaphorically arm-in-arm with the intelligentsia, proclaiming to high heaven the decadence of the British Nation.

There were several first-class rows in its early years. Perhaps the most famous is Gainsborough's dispute with the Committee. Here is his letter, written in 1783: "... begs leave to *hint* to them that if the Royal Family which he has sent for this exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters) are hung above the line along with full-lengths, he never more, while he breathes, will send another picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God." The Committee gave way, but sent back his pictures the following year on the receipt of a similar, if not quite so vigorous, letter.

Then there was the faintly shocking episode of Nathaniel Hone and Angelica Kauffman. Hone had sent in a satirical painting in which was a nude, whose

face was supposed to resemble that of the virtuous Angelica. The lady heard of it, and promptly wrote as follows: "If they fear the loss of an Academician who pays no respect to that sex, I hope I may enjoy the liberty of leaving to them the pleasure of that Academician, and withdrawing

one object who never willingly deserved his or her ridicule. I beg leave to present my respects to the Society and hope they will always regard their own honour. I have but one request to make—to send home my pictures, if that is to be exhibited."

Poor Angelica, so easily offended, and such a good sort, and so successful! How insipid we think her pictures are to-day, and yet all Rome came to her funeral! When she was fêted by everyone, her fellow-Academician, Richard Wilson, scarcely knew where to turn for the price of a meal. No one would buy the landscapes which fetched thousands at Christie's last year. Peter Pindar was a true prophet when he wrote—

But, honest Wilson,
never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear.
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes,
Don't be impatient for those times,
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year.

It is not easy to put ourselves back into the eighteenth century. We probably have just as idiotic conventions, though we don't recognise them as such: we can laugh now at the Victorian "every-picture-tells-a-story" tradition, and at the anecdote of the great Sir Joshua—an

intelligent man, if ever there was one—solemnly urging Benjamin West to paint all the characters in his famous "Death of General Wolfe" in classical robes, as more befitting the dignity of the occasion. As everyone knows, Sir Joshua was the first President, and the first treasurer Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House.

But how many have heard of Newton, the first secretary, who began as a most indifferent portrait-painter and ended as a rich nobody, thanks not to his art, but to various legacies? Hayman, the librarian, is remembered only as having for a short time given lessons to Gainsborough. What would a picture fetch to-day signed by Edward Penny, the Academy's first professor of painting, or by Samuel Wale, its first professor of perspective? Even Peter Toms was an original member—Toms, who did the draperies for Reynolds and others.

Perhaps the real trouble with the Academy has been that, like all official institutions of its kind, it has been so respectable. Let us read what the greatest of its early members thought about respectability. He is writing to

William Jackson, the musician: "... now, damn Gentlemen, there is not such a set of enemies to a real artist in the world as they are, if not kept at a proper distance. They think (and so may you for a while) that they reward your merit by their company and notice: but I, who blow away all the chaff, and by G—, in their eyes too, if they don't stand clear, know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their Purse; their Hearts are seldom near enough the right place to get a sight of it."



A PICTURE IN THE FIRST ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION (IN 1769): "THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VISITORS TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE EXHIBITION (THEN HELD IN PALL MALL) IN ITS THIRD YEAR (1771)—AFTER EARLOM.

The first Royal Academy Exhibition was opened on January 2, 1769, in rooms in Pall Mall, near the site of the Senior United Services Club, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President, delivered the first of his famous discourses. From 1780 to 1838, the Exhibition was held at Somerset House. It then migrated to Trafalgar Square, and was held in the eastern half of the National Gallery after its opening in 1838 until 1869, when the Exhibition was transferred to Burlington House.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

THE latest triumph of "His Master's Voice" is to issue eleven gramophone records giving the complete music and songs of the light opera "Iolanthe," one of the masterpieces of mirth and



"A LITTLE PIECE OF ENGLAND"—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.:
A REPRODUCTION IN COLOUR.

melody created by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. This delightful work is recorded so faithfully, under the personal supervision of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, that it brings the Savoy Theatre into the home. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the musical director of the Gilbert and Sullivan season, had access to Sullivan's original score; while gramophone tests of a great number of artists were made before the company of eighty principals, instrumentalists, and chorus was selected. The soloists are Nellie Briercliffe, Bertha Lewis, Winifred Lawson, George Baker, Darrell Fancourt, Derek Oldham, Sydney Granville, and Leslie Rands. Every member of the chorus is a soloist of distinction.

The recording opens with the delightful chorus of the tripping fairies, and then comes the deep, rich voice of Bertha Lewis as the Queen pardoning Iolanthe. Strephon's "Good-morrow, Good Mother!"

and then, "Good Morrow, Good Lover!" are enchanting, while an abiding joy is the pompous parade of the Peers, "Loudly Let the Trumpets Bray." George Baker scores at once with the Lord Chancellor's entrance, "The Law is the True Embodiment," and he also gives the utmost value to "Said I to Myself—Said I"; while later he deals with that song of a comedy nightmare, "Love Unrequited," one of the most difficult in the whole of the Gilbert and Sullivan works.

Where each immortal number sparkles like a gem it is impossible to enumerate, but how good it is to have always at hand Sydney Granville as Private Willis on sentry-go in Palace Yard, Darrell Fancourt in his ringing rendering of "When Britain Really Ruled the Waves," and Bertha Lewis in the love lament, "Oh, Amorous Dove." The complete recording of "Iolanthe" is on eleven double-sided "H.M.V." records at 6s. 6d. each, Nos. D1785 to D1795.

The secrets of early music have been buried in books hitherto, and

only occasional examples are heard at public concerts. Now, by the combination of gramophone and printed word, the most representative examples of the music of the ages are being made available by the Columbia Graphophone Company, Ltd. The Oxford University Press has undertaken the publication of the books in the series, and the co-operation of leading music authorities has been secured to ensure authenticity of musical detail. The first volume just announced covers the period to the opening of the seventeenth century, and provides examples from English, Flemish, and Italian masters.

The music includes early choral works recorded under the direction of Sir Richard Terry, instrumental music by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch and family, and various madrigals by the St. George's Singers under the Rev. Dr. E. H. Fellowes. Other volumes in the series will trace the development of music through the periods of Purcell and Bach, sonatas and symphonies to about the year 1800, Chopin, Dvořák, and the music dramas of Wagner, up to the twentieth-century music of Debussy, Stravinsky, and other moderns. The work will be placed in colleges, musical institutions, and schools throughout the world, as it is regarded as one of the greatest contributions to the literature of music. The first volume of the "Columbia History of Music," on eight records, ten-inch double-sided, is now available with the forty-eight-page book by Mr. Percy Scholes, in a special album, sold complete at 28s., or on separate records at 3s. each, Nos. 5710 to 5717.



"THE WHIP"—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.: A REPRODUCTION
IN COLOUR.

The original water-colours were exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society's in 1929 and aroused much attention. As reproduced in facsimile colour, by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of 26c, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, and 10, Clare Street, Bristol, they are 22 inches by 15 inches. There is a strictly limited edition of 400 signed artist's proofs, at six guineas each; and there is no other state.

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J. Zoffany, R.A., etc., comprising the property of MRS. T. H. RUMBOLD, and of CYRIL L. M. ROXBY, Esq.

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May 15th.—OBJECTS OF VERTU, including a Collection of Stuart Relics, the property of the late MRS. MAINWARING.

May 16th.—Old English and Continental PORCELAIN and POTTERY; OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, Etc.

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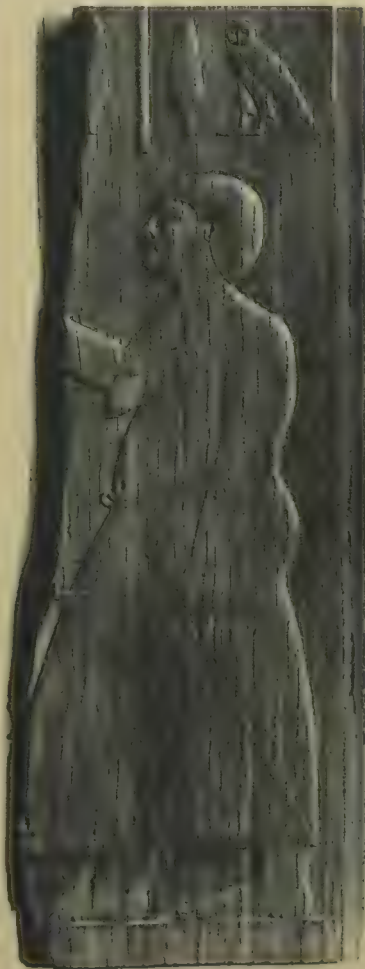
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SALE MAY 22nd.—INDIAN MINIATURE—
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SALE MAY 20th.—WOODEN PANEL
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"THE RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

THERE were some new touches in the performance of "Das Rheingold" this season: a new tenor, Fritz Wolff, as Loge, and Rudolf Bockelmann instead of Friedrich Schorr as Wotan. Bockelmann is a fine singer who does not bark in staccato-like fashion on the top notes of melodic phrases, but gives the lyrical contours of Wagner's vocal line. Except that he did not give Wotan that majestic dignity which is so marked an asset of Friedrich Schorr's treatment of the rôle, his was in every respect a fine performance. Fritz Wolff's Loge was also much more lyrically sung than is usual, and this tenor does not caper and flutter about so absurdly as some performers in the part.

With Victor Martin as a finely dramatic and incisive Alberich, and the most beautifully mellow singing from Maria Olczewska as Fricka, the performance was a notable one. Mr. Arthur Fear, whose singing at the recent English opera season at the Scala I commended at the time, was quite equal to the part of Donner even in such excellent company; and the English Rhine Maidens—Betty Thompson, Gladys Palmer, and Odette de Foras—sang as well as their swimming exercises permit. One day, perhaps, we shall see different methods of staging the "Ring"; in the meantime, this scene is always one of the difficult features of "Rheingold."

Mr. Bruno Walter is inclined to over-accentuation and an excessive slowness of

tempi, but he nevertheless drives his orchestra along forcefully and gives a sustained vitality to the performance which makes its general effect undeniably exciting and stimulating.

It must be noted that on page 752 of our April 26 issue, the address of Emile, the well-known coiffeur, was inadvertently given as 31, Conduit Street, W.,

whereas the correct number is 24. We much regret any inconvenience caused.

Information respecting all the Foreign Dollar Loans of any note created during the last ten years has been issued in book form by the National City Company, and a copy of the book can be obtained, post free, by applying to the London office of the National City Company, 34, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

The contents of the work include data of the security and sinking funds of the various loans, their redemption and interest dates, denominations, and price of issue. It may be noted that the interest on the loans is not subject to United States income tax when the securities are held by those who are not citizens of the United States nor residents therein.

Holidays that tire out body and mind are no holiday; quiet, fresh air, moderate exercise, and, above all, change of environment, provide the holiday that does real and permanent good. From June to mid-August the Orient Line offers a most interesting series of cruises in Scandinavian waters, and their newest steamers are on the service—the S.S. *Orford*, which brought the Australian team from Australia, and the new S.S. *Orontes*, both 20,000-ton vessels. Thousands of people have experienced the unforgettable joys of such a holiday. Once within the fjords their majestic grandeur grips the imagination, and one realises how the wild music and sagas of ancient Norway arose, and its peculiar mythology. To business-weary folk Norwegian air and scenery provide a wonderful tonic. It stimulates the mind to new ideals; it inspires and invigorates.



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This new banqueting hall, fine as it is in itself, has an additional interest in that it is fitted with a wall which rises from the floor and, in the space of a few minutes, divides the hall into two separate rooms. This wall, of course, is complete on both sides, with all decorations and electric lights. The treatment of the walls is a series of shaped panels of the most beautifully figured sycamore; and it may be added that the whole of this sycamore work was carried out by the Contract Department of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, S.W.1, to the designs of Mr. Oliver P. Bernard. The same firm have in hand the joinery and fibrous plaster-work for the new grill-room extension at the Trocadero.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR." AT THE KINGSWAY.

HUMOUR ages more rapidly than any other form of dramatic art. So how fresh must have been Captain Robert Marshall's wit on the original production of this play in 1898, when it compares so favourably with that of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale or Mr. Noel Coward at the present day! The plot is slight enough. A celibate Residency in the Indian Ocean, consisting of a middle-aged but not-so-old-as-he-thinks-he-is Governor; a bald, spectacled, nervous Private Secretary; and the usual breezy A.D.C. To this happy island arrives a French actress (incidentally, a sort of cousin of the Governor's, for the play was written in the Victorian Era, when only family or official reasons could take a respectable masculine to Paris); promptly she is followed by a peaches-and-creamy English miss, on a Colonial-Possessions tour with her father, a Cabinet Minister. The Governor and staff, not unnaturally (seeing she is played by pretty Miss Joan Maude), fall in love with the simple heroine; the Cabinet Minister becomes enamoured of the French lady. There is a rumoured insurrection; gallant deeds are done against an untold, unseen, and, as it turns out, a non-existent, enemy. The plot doesn't matter; it is no better than hundreds that have been written before it, and is undoubtedly no worse than thousands that have been written after it. But, except for the last act, which falls off as last acts are wont, the play is full of humour. Students of the drama will delight in this opportunity of seeing the first full-length play by the author of "The Second in Command"; the ordinary playgoer can also be assured of spending a most amusing evening. For all playgoers, particularly those who like to "look back" a little, this comedy is sincerely recommended.

"THE MULBERRY BUSH," AT THE CRITERION.

How different is Mr. Edward Knoblock's comedy! Written thirty years later, it shows no advance in technique, and a decided falling off in wit. Had the dialogue been brighter, the plot would have been adequate enough. A man of forty, amorous, Hawtreyish in everything save Hawtrey's charm, descends on a villa at Le Touquet in which are residing his semi-

divorced wife, an ex-mistress, and a bride-to-be. The ex-mistress threatens to send certain compromising letters to the King's Proctor if he does not marry her. The fat and middle-aged hero turns to his ex-wife for assistance, and she promises to redeem the letters. There is the usual bed-room scene, which seems more like the roosting-house of a poultry-farm than a civilised sleeping apartment, during which the semi-wife destroys the letters. Not to be beaten, the mistress locks her and the hero in the bed-room together. They, of course, escape before morning; but it would matter little if they did not, for the King's Proctor no longer has terrors for them, for, as is the way of a husband and wife on the stage, as soon as the decree nisi is about to be pronounced, the couple clamour to start upon a fresh honeymoon. The plot is no worse than half a hundred other plots, but the dialogue is extremely stodgy, the production poor, and the acting certainly no better than it should be on a West-End stage.

"THE SILENT WITNESS," AT THE COMEDY.

This is a good, workmanlike example of a murder drama; there is little attempt at characterisation and the dialogue has no particular quality, but the plot moves steadily forward and the interest is held all the time. In the opening scene a young rake throttles his mistress and leaves her for dead on the ground, returning home at midnight to confess his crime to his parents. A pocket-book bearing his father's initials and a fragment of a cheque signed by him are found in the murdered girl's flat. Having been to the theatre that evening with his wife, and sure of being able to prove an alibi, the father permits himself to be charged with the crime, hoping thus to shield his son from suspicion. Most trial scenes are effective on the stage, and the one in this play is particularly so, thanks largely to the performance of Mr. Lawrence Anderson as counsel for the defence. How a web of circumstantial evidence enmeshes the father is cleverly shown. It would be unfair to describe the well-written third act in which his innocence is proved. Machine-made and conventional, it is nevertheless "good theatre," and should attract audiences for a long time. Mr. Malcolm Keen was excellent as the self-sacrificing father, and Mr. Harold Scott gave an amusing performance as a monosyllabic taxi-driver.

"HEADS UP," AT THE PALACE.

It is almost impossible to Anglicise an American musical comedy, for bootlegging is the basic plot of all of them. And so the hero of this latest importation must appear in the humorous (to our eyes) costume of an American naval cadet, taking verbal instructions from an A.B.—which rather destroys the illusion. Still, the plot is of minor importance; suffice it to say that first the hero tells the heroine he loves her, then she thinks he doesn't, and, finally, at the fall of the curtain, she discovers that he does. Miss Louise Brown played the heroine charmingly; she hasn't much voice, but her ballet dance in Act II. was delightful. Mr. Arthur Margetson, though afflicted with a severe cold, was also excellent. They had a melodious, though "over-plugged," number, "Why Do You Suppose?" It was Mr. Sydney Howard who was the joy of the evening. As an inventive cook who, having escaped from Sing Sing, was devoting the remainder of his misspent life to inventing life-saving appliances, from life-belts to bullet-proof waistcoats, he caused roars of laughter. The scene in the cook's galley, surrounded by a number of life-saving gadgets that might have been invented by Mr. Heath Robinson, was one of the funniest things seen on the stage for a long time. Thanks to Mr. Howard, "Heads Up" is an excellent evening's entertainment; without him it would be a somewhat undistinguished production.

The Oxford University Press has just issued a new and very excellent pocket dictionary—"The Little Oxford Dictionary of Current English," compiled by George Ostler. It is priced at two shillings, in blue cloth; and there is an India paper edition at half-a-crown.

It is interesting to note that the London Naval Treaty of 1930 was signed by all the representatives of the Powers concerned with a solid gold "Swan" pen made by Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd. The "Swan" was immediately afterwards presented by M. Aristide Briand to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a souvenir of a historic occasion. A pen of similar design was used by the signatories to the Hague Agreements dealing with the Rhineland Evacuation on Aug. 30 of last year, and remains in the possession of the Belgian Prime Minister.

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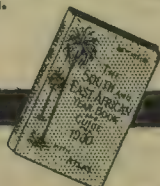
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

ON several occasions I have stressed the importance of obtaining internal silence in motor-craft. I have also stated that two of the greatest offenders as regards noise and vibration are the unsuitable propeller and worn propeller-shaft bearings, especially the latter. Now, if those in charge of an average boat-yard are asked to state what is the best material with which to make shaft bearings, they will probably say that bronze has no equal. If this is the answer, the questioner may rest assured that those who give it are either behind the times or hope to obtain the job of frequently renewing the propeller-shaft bearings of his boat. If, again, the average man is asked what forms a lubricant, he will reply: "Something of an oily nature." He will be only partly correct, for, apart from the needs of the human throat, water is also a good lubricant, especially for bearings such as those on propeller shafts when the bearing is made of rubber instead of bronze. At first sight it may appear absurd to employ rubber bearings, but the mere fact that they are used by the Admiralty and other Government departments in places where oil (the enemy of rubber) is not present, should be sufficient proof to the contrary. The make they use is the Cutless Rubber Bearing that is made by the British Goodrich Rubber Co., Ltd., 50, Pall Mall, London, and is of the same type as that fitted to many motor-yachts and cruisers.

Rubber wears very slowly, as proved by the fact that the pavement near St. Pancras Station has worn down only three-sixteenths of an inch in fifty-three years. Smooth rubber also becomes very slippery when wetted, as many persons who wear rubber soles can testify. Its anti-frictional properties when wet make it, therefore, well suited for bearings that can be constantly lubricated by water, but it fails immediately if run dry, for it will heat up and swell under such conditions. In

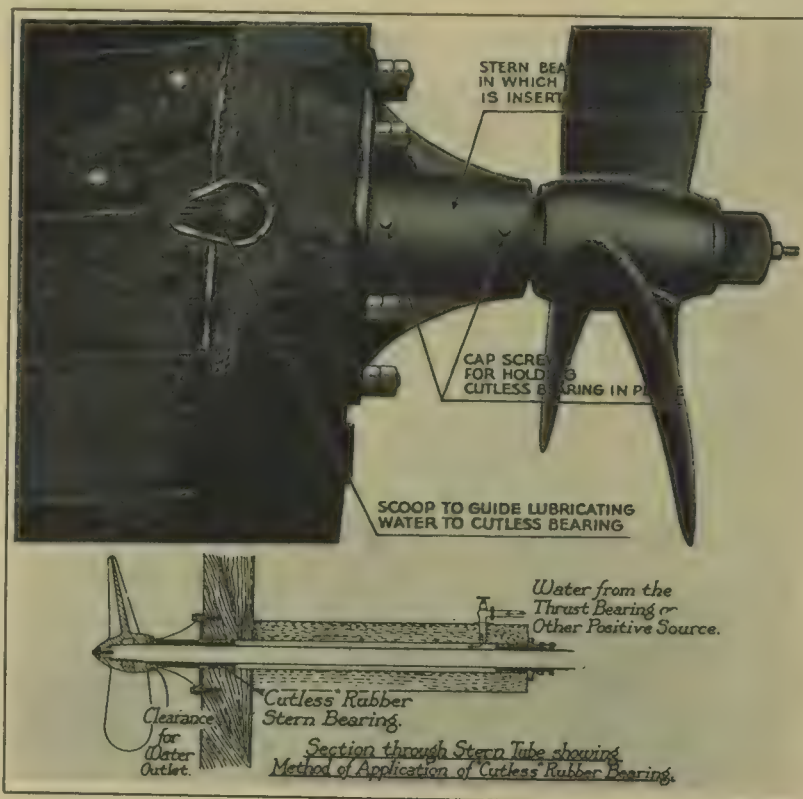
addition, rubber is a good insulator of noise and vibration, and so satisfies a want that is much felt in all motor-craft.

Now, as everyone knows, propeller-shaft bearings work under very adverse conditions. Mud, grit, and other substances find their way into them and cling

to hard particles sufficiently to permit them to be squeezed by the rotation of the shaft (in the case of Cutless bearings) into specially cut grooves that are constantly irrigated by a stream of water. Grooves in the walls of bearings for lubricating purposes are, of course, not new; but when, as in this case, the bearing is of a substance that requires water as a lubricant, and is working under water, the grooves can be left open at each end, and thus act as well-flushed drains through which unwanted substances are expelled.

Cutless bearings have been on the market for some time, and have become very popular in America. I have not mentioned them before because I awaited reliable reports as to how they survive heavy work in muddy waters. I knew that they had proved quite satisfactory in gritty waters, but thought that perhaps mud might clog up their grooves and restrict the vital flow of lubricating water through them. In my opinion there was a distinct liability for this to happen, which has apparently been recognised by the Goodrich Company. They lay great stress on the importance of having a constant and ample stream of water through their bearings; so, to guard against the possibility of its failure owing to mud, they supply, when required, a special type of bearing which, instead of having a continuous groove from end to end, has a circular groove in the centre that is connected with each extremity of the bearing by right- and left-handed spiral grooves. This circular groove has holes round its circumference for the passage of water, and prevents any stoppage of the circulation by mud. There are a large number of stock sizes of these bearings which will fit into most existing housings that are heavy enough to be bored out sufficiently to receive them. To change over from brass to rubber bearings is therefore an easy matter.

Cutless Bearings are fitted to *Miss England* and also to the new coastal motor-boats for the Greek Navy that have been built by Messrs. Thornycroft, and have proved most satisfactory in both cases, as well as in many others.



A NEW USE FOR RUBBER—AS BEARINGS.

Marine engineers of the old school may doubt whether it is possible to align a shaft with sufficient accuracy with rubber bearings. It is done, however, with those of the above type, which have a longer life than those of the old-fashioned sort that are made of metal.

to the surface of those made of bronze and other hard materials, forming a grinding substance that eventually wears away both the bearing and, what is more serious, the shaft itself. This does not happen when rubber is used because, being softer, it yields

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Dear Sirs,

I am an owner-driver of 30 years' experience.

On various occasions I have purchased from a Garage a gallon of XL Oil, and have been under the impression all the time, that I was being supplied with Castrol XL, for I naturally concluded that XL applied only to your manufacture. Apparently this is not so.

On Tuesday morning last I journeyed to Norfolk from London having first used a portion of the Oil purchased from the garage in question. The normal oil pressure should register 40 on my car, but, after going about 20 miles I found the pressure had dropped to between 10 and 15, and the engine was fearfully hot, although the supply of oil in the sump was well above the level.

I noticed that oil was being thrown out from the engine, and it occurred to me that the oil looked very thin. To test this I purchased a supply of Castrol XL. I immediately found the pressure rose to the required 40 points, although after a few miles running it went back to about 30 because of the previous oil that was still in the sump.

On arriving back in London, I communicated with the garage in question and related my experience. I then learned to my surprise that the oil I purchased was not Castrol XL.

I have no hesitation in saying that the oil supplied would have ruined my engine in a very short space of time.

The point I wish to make is that, as naturally many owners of vehicles are under the impression that if they buy a gallon of loose oil, and ask for XL, that the lubricant supplied is Castrol.

You may make whatever use you please of this letter. It may be very helpful to other motorists.

Yours faithfully,

(signed) Geo. W. Roche, F.A.L.P.A.

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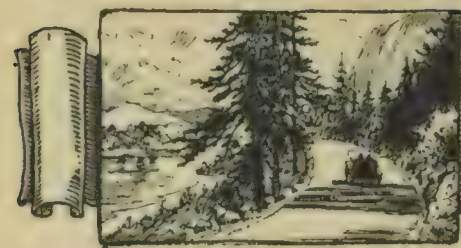
AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

MARMON

EIGHT CYLINDER CARS

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



BROOKLANDS is now open on Sundays to the public for picnics in its woods. Why the members of the B.A.R.C. seldom trouble to use their club on Sundays has always been a puzzle to me, as there are a wonderful lot of rare woodland plants and shrubs among the trees, besides hosts of birds,

Flying, by the way, is getting cheaper. At the end of April the De Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd., reduced the price of the Moth two-seater light plane from £675 to £595, and this machine is even more completely equipped than it was at the higher price. Now it is fitted with parachute-type seats, a more commodious luggage-locker, and a telephone system between the pilot and the passenger. Also, as Moth aeroplanes are sold to aviators in all parts of the world, for the convenience of different nationalities the instruments on the machine are calibrated in either English or metric units, with the words in the language desired by the owner. The present reduction of £80 in the cost has been made possible by the closest attention to manufacturing methods at the factory at Stag Lane, Edgware, where Moths are turned out on a scale fast approaching "mass" production. Consequently, a standardised article is now produced made to the finest limits, with a guaranteed interchangeability of all parts. Also the lowering of the purchase price of this most popular machine will further help to increase air motoring, especially as facilities for tuition are becoming more and more widely spread. Aerodromes

the full twelve months for which these permits are in operation.

Banquet to Lord Wakefield.

To honour Lord and Lady Wakefield for their services to aviation, the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Royal Aero Club, the Air League of the British Empire, and the Society of British Aircraft Constructors will give a banquet, followed by a dance, at the Savoy Hotel, London, on May 15. Nearly every light aeroplane club in England has been helped by Lord Wakefield, who has, in addition, given aeroplanes to clubs throughout the British Empire. Canada, India, New Zealand, New South Wales, East Africa, and Singapore are just a few of the recipients of his generosity. To the Royal Air Force he has given the Wakefield Scholarship and the Wakefield gold medal, and a substantial donation to the Aeronautical Society's endowment fund. He has given innumerable cups and trophies for flying, large sums to the Royal Aero Club's Racing Fund and towards the expenses of the Schneider Trophy contest,



OUTSIDE THE PRECINCTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE: A HILLMAN "STRAIGHT EIGHT" SALOON.

rabbits, and the usual ground game. Now that roads are so crowded at week-ends, Brooklands is quite far enough from the Metropolis, yet close enough to be handy to tempt motorists to go there instead of further afield. The charge to the public is one shilling per head, and all vehicles are admitted free on Sundays. Members, of course, pay nothing. The latter naturally use the club house in the paddock for teas, which are now served from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. on Sundays. During week-ends any of the public may use the track for testing the speed of their cars upon payment of ten shillings. For one guinea their cars are officially timed and a certificate is issued, but the contents of such certificates may not be used for advertising purposes.

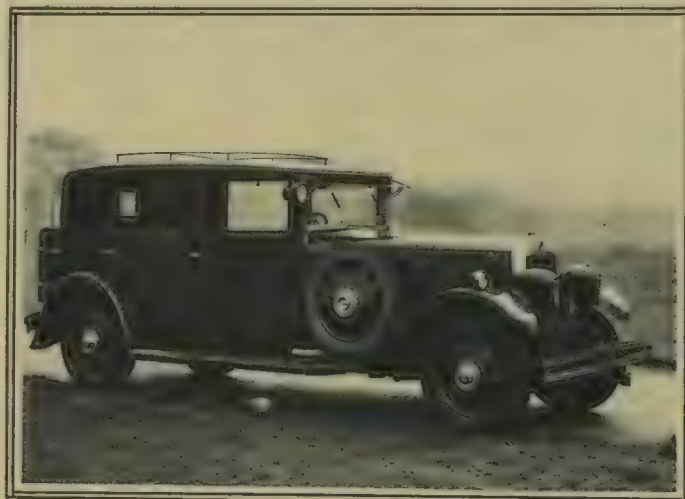
On May 17 there will be a great Air Display and Pageant at Brooklands, as the Brooklands Automobile

are now being built or already exist in the vicinity of every city or town of any size. Consequently, any man or woman can now learn to fly in their own neighbourhood, and acquire a plane of their own whose running costs are no more than those of a good-class car, and at a price that is well within their means.

French Concession to British Motorists.

in France for short periods has been obtained, mainly through the efforts of the R.A.C. Since December last, foreigners owning or renting property in France

A very valuable concession to British motorists who desire temporarily to reside in France for short periods has been obtained, mainly through the efforts of the R.A.C. Since December last, foreigners owning or renting property in France who have desired to import their cars during the period of their stay in that country, in order to avoid paying the French Customs duty, have been compelled to take out an *acquit-à-caution* instead of the customary *triptyque* or *carnet-de-passages en douane*. The principal drawback to the *acquit-à-caution* has been that it is only valid for six months, as against the twelve months under a *triptyque* or *carnet*, and many British motorists who have rented villas or flats in France have been compelled either to forfeit the amount of the duty (63 per cent. of the value of the car) or to curtail their visit. This system has in the past led to a good deal of inconvenience and trouble, and has in some cases involved British subjects residing temporarily in France in considerable loss. The R.A.C. has made representations repeatedly to the French Customs authorities as to the inconvenience attending the *acquit-à-caution* system, and is now able to announce that, as a consequence of these representations, the French authorities have agreed to abolish the system entirely in so far as British subjects owning or renting property for temporary occupation are concerned. In future, therefore, motorists owning or renting villas or flats in France will be able to import their cars under an ordinary *triptyque* or *carnet*, which will enable them to be used for reasonable periods during



A NEW CAR FOR MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: THE FAMOUS WRITER'S LANCHESTER 30-H.P. "STRAIGHT EIGHT" ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE.

The body of this car was specially built to Mr. Bernard Shaw's order by Messrs. J. C. Clarke, of Shepherd's Bush. At each side of the rear seat, companion sets are artfully recessed into the sides of the body. Mounted on the division between the front and rear compartments is a light metal frame over which is stretched a string net. The frame is hinged along its lower edge, and, when lightly pulled out at the top, the result is a compartment resembling an envelope, for the reception of coats and other personal belongings. There are no occasional seats. Ample provision is made for carrying luggage. An unobtrusive luggage-rail is fitted to the roof and a large detachable trunk is mounted over the petrol-tank.

and has financed many world pioneering and survey flights. Consequently, I expect that everybody who can possibly attend this function (they may bring guests) will gladly pay the guinea for the ticket and support Brigadier-General the Duke of Atholl, President of the Royal Aero Club, who will take the chair on this auspicious occasion. Applications for tickets

[Continued overleaf.]



WITH SPECIAL RALLY WEYMANN SALOON BODY: A 25-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM.

This very attractive car is the firm's latest design, and is built on the genuine Weymann system of construction. At the rear are three fitted luggage-cases, all enclosed. The absence of long running-boards adds considerably to the appearance of the car, which, although of low build, has plenty of interior space. The price is £1075.

Racing Club is to co-operate with the aerodrome authorities in an ambitious programme. Many of the world's most famous pilots are to take part in this display, which will start on Saturday afternoon at three. There are to be descents by parachutes, wing-walking at 100 miles an hour, car-bombing from the air, inverted flying, "aerobatics" by stunting pilots, an exhibition flight of the auto-giro, and "joy-riding" at five shillings per flight. The prices of admission, including tax, are half-a-crown for adults, one shilling for children, half-a-crown for cars, and one shilling for motor-cycles. I hope it will be a fine day, as a display of this character should be thrilling and educational at the same time.

Customs authorities as to the inconvenience attending the *acquit-à-caution* system, and is now able to announce that, as a consequence of these representations, the French authorities have agreed to abolish the system entirely in so far as British subjects owning or renting property for temporary occupation are concerned. In future, therefore, motorists owning or renting villas or flats in France will be able to import their cars under an ordinary *triptyque* or *carnet*, which will enable them to be used for reasonable periods during



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We illustrate here a unique example of the many new and striking designs of advanced coachwork which are exclusive to Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., on the six-cylinder Black Hawk chassis and Stutz. Despite its compact appearance, this four-seater two-door saloon provides ample accommodation for four persons.

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RECORD FLIGHT**

**THE
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
AND CAPT. BARNARD**

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and petrol on**

SHELL

The Jupiter-engined Fokker Mono-
plane "Spider," which has flown
from England to Capetown and
back in 20 days, used

"Golden Shell" Oil, and
petrol (specially pre-
pared for the flight, as
is "Summer Shell" for
motorists during the
warmer weather) by

SHELL

Continued.]

can be made to any of the societies named, or to the Secretary, Royal Aero Club, 3, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

Box Hill on
Top Gear.

Motor-cars are vastly improved in their performance nowadays.

Only last week I had the good fortune to test the new six-cylinder and eight-cylinder Dodge cars up Box Hill, near Dorking, in Surrey. Now, Box Hill is a sturdy climb of 700 feet, with one very awkward hairpin bend and other sharp turns and with portions of the gradient about one in eight. The new eight-cylinder 26.45-h.p. Dodge saloon climbed this hill loaded with ten passengers on top gear for the whole distance, finishing at forty miles an hour at the summit. The six-cylinder 19.8-h.p.

Dodge saloon also climbed Box Hill on top gear carrying six passengers, and, like the ten in the larger car, all hefty men and no light weights. Both these Dodge cars are wonderful performers. We took the hairpin itself at ten miles an hour, and varied from twenty to forty-five m.p.h. on the ascent, but mostly nearer forty miles an hour, but for braking to take zigzagging road turns. This eight-cylinders-in-line Dodge car costs only £400 as a two-seater with dickey, £425 with a four-door saloon (the model tested), and £440 as a convertible coupé. It has excellent springs, adjustable driving seat, carries three passengers in the back seat quite comfortably, prompt but smooth-working brakes, and a maximum speed well over seventy miles an hour. Also this eight-cylinder

Dodge car has a mono-piece body. I saw a film of a Dodge saloon with a similar body purposely turned over and over by rolling it down a hill after letting it run over an embankment under its own power. Yet beyond very minor injuries—no glass broken, no body-pillars strained—this car was righted on its wheels and driven away. The doors could be opened, and the unshattered windows be raised and lowered. There could be no better testimony to the Dodge new system of coachwork-building on their mono-piece plan. This metal coachwork is one piece and remains so under exceptionally hard treatment.

New "Six"
Dodge Car.

I do not know cars that better stand up to excessive hard work than the Dodge. To my knowledge, one car has done nearly 500,000 miles in hard newspaper service on long journeys in England, and will not wear out. The new

models are equally as sturdy. The new six-cylinder Dodge, rated at 19.8-h.p., fitted with a four-door saloon body, now costs only £335. It runs silently



DEMONSTRATING THE POSSIBILITIES OF PILOTLESS AEROPLANES FOR USE IN TIME OF WAR: A UNITED STATES ARMY MACHINE DIRECTED FROM THE GROUND BY MEANS OF WIRELESS AND GIVEN STABILITY BY TWO GYROSCOPES. The machine here illustrated was flown successfully from Sacramento to San Francisco without those aboard her touching her controls. Such "Robot"-piloted 'planes have been tested in various countries, including our own. They are controlled from the ground by means of wireless, and stability is ensured by the use of gyroscopes. Recently, an amendment was made to the International Air Convention to provide that pilotless aeroplanes shall be flown only over their own country.



BESIDE ASTLEY CHURCH—"THE LIGHT OF ARDEN":
A RILEY SIX-CYLINDER, 14-H.P. DEAUVILLE COACH-BUILT
SALOON

and speedily, has a high maximum (about seventy miles an hour), and is a top-gear car practically all day long. Pockets in the doors, a roof net, and all the latest gadgets, such as finger-tip controls, are embodied in its outfit. Hydraulic brakes, easy gear-change, and a high acceleration make it simple to drive. It has a very low centre of gravity, which makes it almost impossible to overturn. These characteristics, with its mono-piece body, prevent any chance of squeaks or rattles developing, as well as making it very safe as a passenger transport vehicle. All the best features of both U.S.A. and European design are embodied in its manufacture and equipment. Internal expanding

(Continued overleaf.)



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—the sanctuary that is not always easy to get into for cleaning purposes; there are so many places that must "not be touched."

Nowadays, the disturbance is reduced to a minimum owing to the rapidity and ease with which the cleaning and polishing is carried through with Mansion Polish.

MANSION POLISH

not only cleans and polishes the floor, but beautifies and protects the wood. Dark Mansion enriches the colour of all Dark Woods.

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1930




NORMAN HALL

ALL DAY SATURDAY *they go out . .* ALL DAY SUNDAY *they come back*

But, despite the crowd, Vauxhall owners arrive on time . . . because, with the Vauxhall's higher average speed, traffic difficulties have ceased to trouble them.

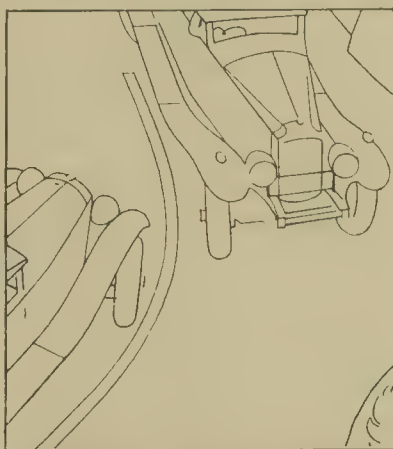
A FINE week-end and all town moves to the country. Slowly an unbroken line of traffic files out along the wide arterial roads.

Further on the stream diminishes, but narrower roads, sharper bends prove an equally effective check to progress.

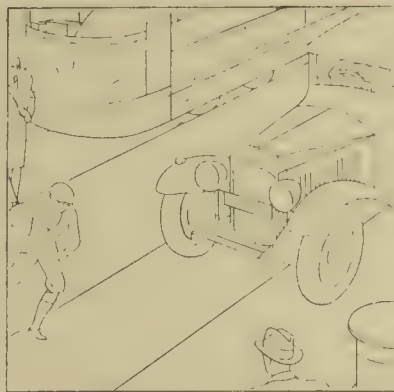
More and more, motorists demand a car that can rise above the difficulties of present-day driving. More and more they turn towards the Vauxhall, designed to maintain a high average speed under these trying conditions.

The Vauxhall puts up faster times, not because it is built primarily for high speeds—70 miles an hour or more is the maximum—but because it can do all that is required of it a little more quickly and surely than most other cars.

Quicker to gather speed, the Vauxhall is among the first away from every traffic



You can take a bend without risks in a Vauxhall at 35 m.p.h., which, in a less stable car, you would have to slow right down to accomplish. The Vauxhall has an exceptionally low centre of gravity and is so firmly yet comfortably sprung that it holds the road like a leech. Winding roads don't slow up a Vauxhall as they would another car.



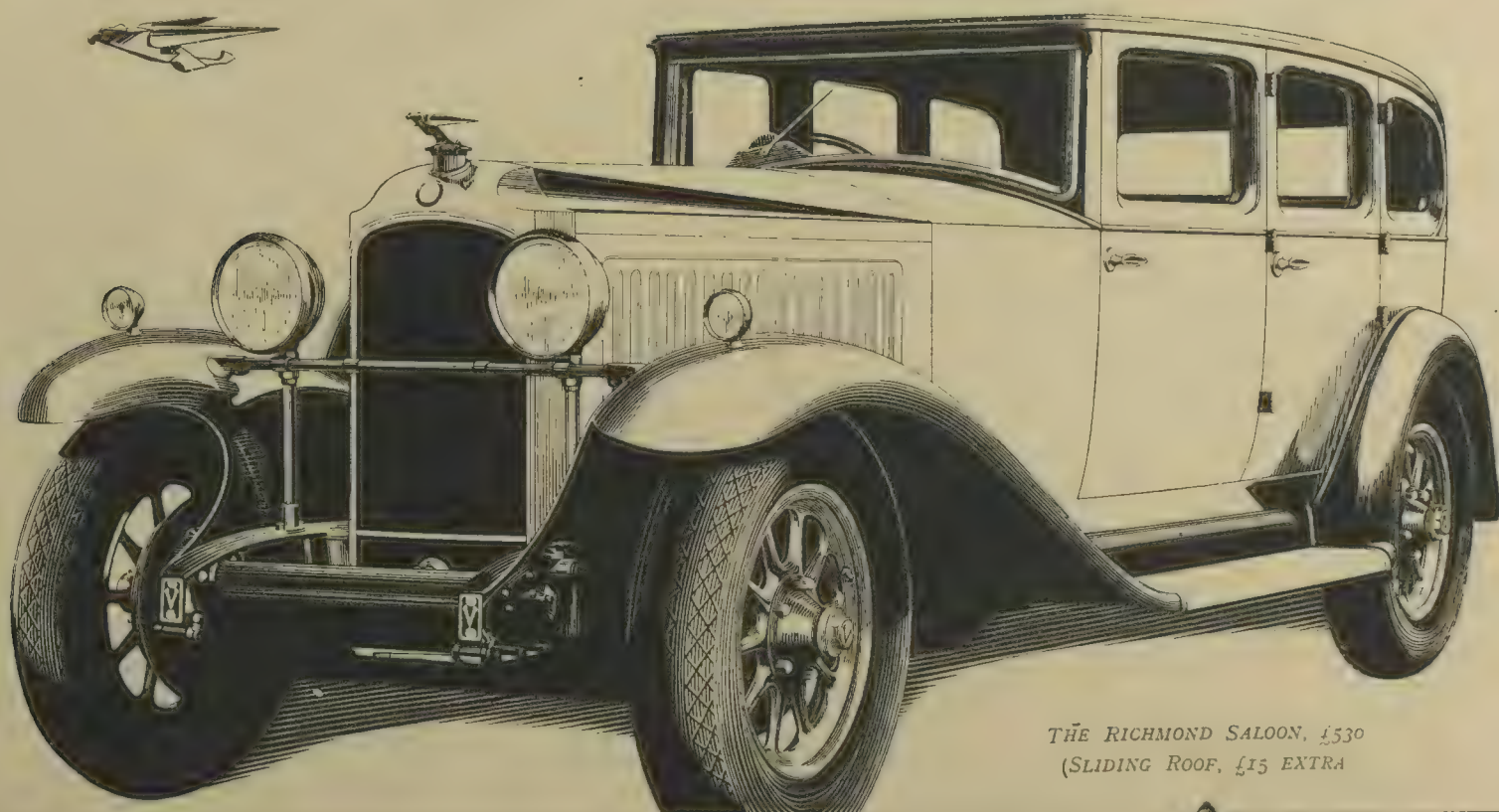
From 20 miles an hour to a standstill in less than the Vauxhall's own length! A touch of the brake pedal at a second's notice and the Vauxhall comes smoothly, instantly to a stop. That is why motorists find that it is safe to drive at consistently higher average speeds in a Vauxhall.

block; quicker to brake in case of an emergency, it can safely take advantage of the least opening that presents itself to pass other cars.

Quicker to round corners, because of its low centre of gravity and superb springing; quicker up hills, because of its four speeds and suitable gear ratios, at every stage the Vauxhall saves you those extra minutes which mean hours on a long journey. And all the time you are riding in the utter comfort assured by wide, roomy seats, luxurious upholstery and Vauxhall's extra-smooth, firm springing.

Vauxhalls are made from 97 per cent. British materials, entirely by British workmen, at Luton, Bedfordshire. There are six models from which to choose, ranging in price from £495 to £695—all of them obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.

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V A U X H A L L



CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

We give two short games this week. The brevity of the first is more remarkable than the play, but it must be one of the quickest mates ever recorded in correspondence play. In the second, Mr. Winter carried gallantry too far, and lasted only as long as the average Camera victim.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

(BY CORRESPONDENCE.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. J. Hannan, Newburgh, New York.)	(Mr. W. O. Frame, Hillsboro, Ill.)	(Mr. J. Hannan, Newburgh, New York.)	(Mr. W. O. Frame, Hillsboro, Ill.)
1. PQB4	PQB4	8. KtQB3	PKB3
The English opening, Americanised!		My grandmother warned me against this.	
2. PQ4	PQ4	9. Kt×Kt	P×KKt
3. PK3	PK3	Black must have posted this move late on a Saturday night.	
4. KtKB3	KtKB3	10. QR5ch	PKKt3
Says White: "I wish you would not follow me about."		11. B×Pch	KB1
5. BQ3	KtK5	12. QR6	
Knight-errant.		White was waiting for the post when he sent this game; but whatever his twelfth move is, his thirteenth will not bring him bad luck.	
6. OKtQ2	KtK4		
7. KtK5	BQ3		

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. W. Winter.)	(Miss Menchik.)	(Mr. W. Winter.)	(Miss Menchik.)
1. PQ4	KtKB3	13. PKR4	KtQ5
2. PQB4	PKKt3	14. QKB2	
3. PB3	PB4	Presumably he looked askance at 14. B×Kt, P×B; 15. QKtK2, QKt3, as the P on d4 is then an untouchable.	
4. PQ5	BKt2	14. PK4	
5. PK4	PQ3	And where can the Kt go now, poor thing? If to Q3, then B×KtP, and that is no joke, because, if 16. P×B, Kt×KtP; 17. QO2, Kt×B; 18. Q×Kt, KtB7ch!	
White has a phalanx, and Black a long spear.		15. KtQ5	Kt×Kt
6. KtB3	Castles.	16. KP×Kt	RB1!
7. BK3		This switchback, as problemists describe it, leaves White with a hopeless game, as at least two pawns must go, and the sky is still black with locusts. Some players we know would have faced the horror, but Mr. Winter has ideas of his own about the timing of resignations, and paid the lady champion the obvious compliment.	
With the idea of rooting out the Fianchettoed Bishop by QQ2 and BR6.			
7. QR4	QR4		
8. QQ2	RQ1		
An amusing move in view of the finish, but it evades White's manoeuvre and backs up the QP after centre exchanges.			
9. KKtK2	PQR3		
10. KtB4	PK4		
11. P×P c.p.			
This opens too many lines, and we think KtQ3 better.			
11. P×P	P×P		
12. PKKt4	KtB3		

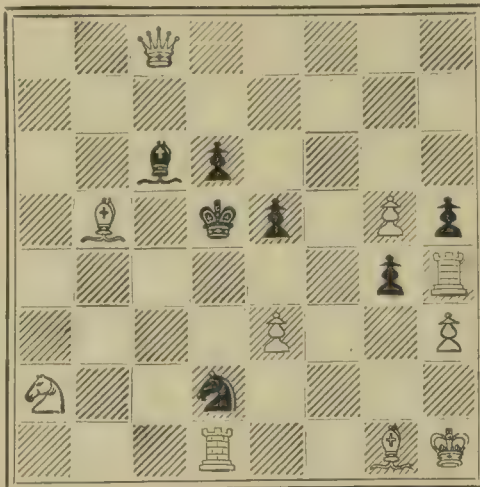
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4067. BY RUDOLF L'HERMET. (DEDICATED TO ALAIN C. WHITE.)

[8; 2p5; 1P3p2; 3Q4; 6Krk; 4p3; 8; 5b2—mate in three.] Keymove: Q—B6 [Qd5—c6].

If 1. — PK7, 2. QQ7, etc.; if 1. — P×P, 2. QKt7; if 1. — BK7 or R6, 2. Q×Pch; and if 1. — KR4, 2. Q×BP.

A beautiful light-weight, with a difficult key and four uncommon continuations, the first showing obstruction of the BB, the second a remarkable line with echoed mates; the third a self-block. There are two close tries: 1. QK4, defeated by PKB4; if then 2. Q×P, BK7; and if 2. QB3, BR3! The other try is 1. QK8, which is countered by KR4. A sound three-er with the Queen to do all the work and embodying originality is a real achievement, even for the master hand.

PROBLEM No. 4069. BY T. K. WIGAN (WORKING). BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2Q5 8; 2bp4; 1BkprPp; 6pR; 4P2P; 52s4; 3R2BK.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

ISIDOR GUNSBURG.

The death is announced of the chess-master Gunsberg, and his familiar face will be missed by frequenters of chess congresses, which he attended of recent years in a journalistic capacity. The present generation will scarcely remember him as a player, though he always considered himself the strongest player in England, and for a short period in the twenties probably was.

He was *denus ex machina* of Mephisto, the chess-playing automaton, his large brain and small stature being alike useful in extracting silver from visitors. He was a bold and ingenious player, and produced many good games in his matches with Blackburne and Tschigorin.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4064 received from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 4066 from Bernard Trumper (Caerphilly),

M Heath, E J Gibbs (London), H Richards (Hove), and M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands); and of No. 4067 from T K Wigan (Working) and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. XL received from L W Cafferata (Newark) and Julio Mond (Seville) (one solution); and T K Wigan (Working), J Barry Brown (Naas), and H Richards (Hove) (two solutions).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENEX (Darwen).—We quite agree that it would be a disaster if the *Chess Amateur* were to cease publication, and we hope all lovers of original problems will write to Stroud and express their willingness to subscribe 9s. per annum, for which they would receive excellent value.

J STRACHAN (Glasgow).—Thank you for two problems, which we will examine.

The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere will hold a reception at Bridgewater House on Tuesday, June 3, in honour of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference.

We should like to point out that the fine full-page portrait of Mr. Philip Snowden which appeared in our issue of April 19 last was taken by that well-known portrait-photographer, Mr. Hay Wrightson, of 41, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

The Bar-Lock (1925) Typewriter Company, Nottingham, has just been favoured with another Government contract for H.M. Stationery Office, London. This is for 220 Standard Typewriters for immediate delivery. We understand that sales generally are developing very satisfactorily, not only in home markets but for all distant parts of the world.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.—(Continued.)

four-wheel brakes and a hand-brake on the transmission are provided. The three-speed gear-box is reasonably quiet on the indirect gears, and the lights are controlled on the steering wheel. Good provision is made for the ventilation of the saloon, and hydraulic shock-absorbers aid the springs in giving smooth travelling to the occupants. The compression ratio is 5.5 to 1, so full power is developed from the fuel used. The carburetter has an air-cleaner, and the six-volt electrical system has an 84 ampere-hour battery. I doubt if there is a better six-cylinder carriage available to-day at its price. It is certainly the lowest-priced model the Dodge factory has ever offered to its customers, and no one can cavil at its performance.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the

action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

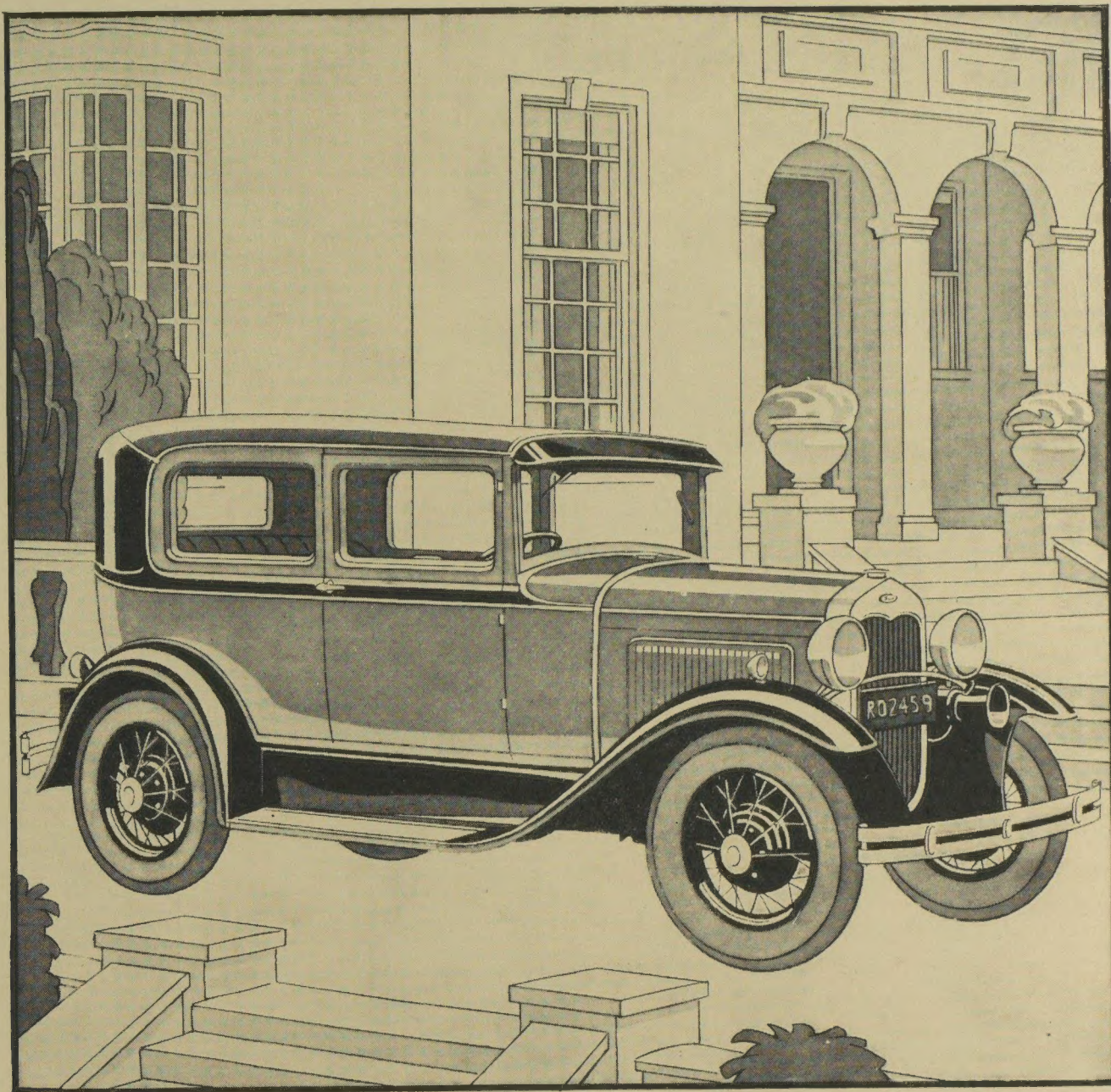
Get about four ounces from any chemist, and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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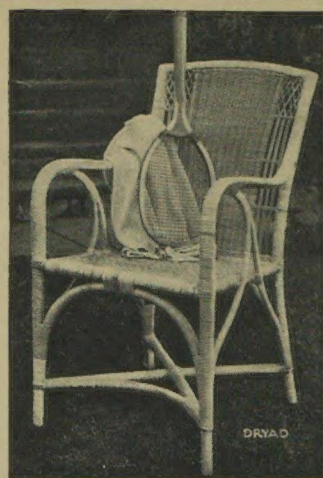
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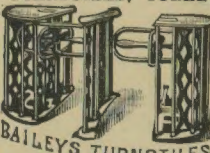
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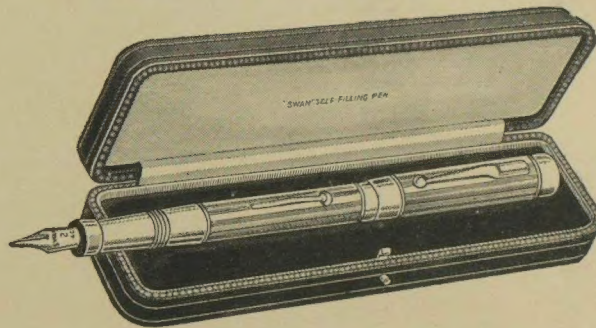
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—the Enthusiastic.



“I lost the argument,
but won the money.”

Sir Edward: “If I understand you correctly, you telegraphed £50 each way SHAUN GOILIN, which won at 100/8, and forgot to sign the telegram.”

Freddy: “That’s so, but seeing it was only a careless slip on my part I fully thought I was entitled to be credited with the winnings.”

Sir Edward: “To be quite candid, I thoroughly disagree with you. Surely you cannot expect to penalise your bookmaker for what you admit was your own carelessness. Suppose the horse had lost, you couldn’t have been charged.”

Freddy: “But hang it all, it seemed dashed hard lines. I don’t often back such a nice winner. Imagine my disappointment.”

Sir Edward: “Only natural; anyhow, what happened subsequently?”

Freddy: “Oh, we agreed to leave it to a third party. I was even allowed to choose my own arbitrator, so I asked Bob to decide it. He said I hadn’t a leg to stand on, and almost told me it was even a presumption on my part to consider I had any claim.”

Sir Edward: “So that ended the matter?”

Freddy: “No, not by a long way. I certainly lost the argument, but imagine my surprise when I received a cheque in full settlement Monday morning with a most courteous letter politely rapping me over the knuckles, and advising me to be more careful in future.”

Sir Edward: “You must have a most generous agent, who is he?”

Freddy: “Why, ‘Duggie,’ of course! Don’t you remember recommending him to me?”

Sir Edward: “Oh! So I did! Come to think of it, no one but ‘Duggie’ would have treated you so well. That’s why I’m so *enthusiastic* about him.”

Follow Sir Edward’s advice—
Write a personal note to
“Duggie” now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

“Stuart House,” Shaftesbury Avenue, London